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(Guilford)

A MEMORIAL VOLUME

OF THE

GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND COMPANY.

ORGANIZED MAY 6, 1887, AT GREENSBORO, N. C.

WITH NUMEROUS BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

IT CONTAINS A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS OF THE GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND COMPANY, FORMED TO REDEEM, PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY THE BATTLE GROUND; PICTURES OF THE MONUMENTS ERECTED; BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES; POETRY WRITTEN ABOUT THE BATTLE AND A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE

HOLT MONUMENT

AND ITS DEDICATION, JULY THE 4TH, 1893, AND OTHER INTERESTING MATTER.

PREPARED BY THE COMPANY AND SOLD ONLY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

GREENSBORO, N. C.:

REECE & ELAM, POWER JOB PRINTERS.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

J. W. Scott. Julius A. Gray. D. Schenck, *President*. Thomas B. Keogh. D. W. C. Benbow.

CHAPTER I.

History of the Battle of Guilford Court House--Account of the Organization and Development of the Guilford Battle Ground Company and a Notice of its Celebrations, Monuments, Lake, Springs and Other Improvements.

Guilford County, North Carolina, was established out of the counties of Rowan and Orange in the year 1770. Its capitol was Guilford Court House, which was situated about six miles Northwest from the present city of Greensboro. In 1781 Guilford Court House was quite a small village, a mere hamlet of two or three hundred inhabitants. Researches fail to inform us of either a church or a school house in its limits. There was a Court House, a jail, a store or two and a coppersmith shop; the latter quite a prominent feature, as all the brandy and whiskey stills, for the county, were manufactured there. The most prominent personage of the village was one Colonel Hamilton, who owned fifty slaves. The Lindsays, the Whittingtons, Bevills and others lived there. There was no cemetery and their dead were buried at a burying ground about two miles East of the town.

There was one lawyer named McNairy who lived in the village. I can hear of no preacher or doctor as being among these primitive people. The neighborhood was Whig and it is said that one of their pastimes was to hang a tory or two when they needed something to enliven the town. The county jail was the common receptacle for captured tories so that victims for their diversion were generally on hand and not difficult to obtain.

A fine crop had been raised in the year 1780, and the plentifulness of provisions was one of the reasons that induced General Greene to adhere to this section of the State.

The battle of Guilford Court House was fought on Thursday, the 15th day of March, 1781. Lord Cornwallis, fresh from the conquest of South Carolina and Georgia, commanded the British Army and Major General Nathanael Greene commanded the American forces.

After a great deal of manœuvring, marching and countermarching, General Greene reached Guilford Court House on the day before the battle and Cornwallis, who was on Deep river, some fifteen miles distant to the West, recognizing the forward movement of Greene as a challenge to battle, immediately advanced to accept it.

The American Army consisted, as near as can be ascertained, of about 5,668 troops specified as follows:

North Carolina Militia	1,000
North Carolina Volunteers	700
Virginia Militia and Volunteers	2,253
Regulars of the Continental Army	1,715
Total	*5,668

The British Army consisted of something over 2,000 veteran soldiers, disciplined for war, trained in battles on the Continent and in America, equipped with the best arms made in that day and led by as skilful and brave officers as ever fought under the British flag.

The American Army was arranged in three lines. The first line 1,000 strong were North Carolina Militia called out for six weeks service. Their left flank was "covered" by Colonel William Campbell's Command of Virginians and the North Carolina Volunteers under

*Schenck's North Carolina 1780-81, p 312.

Major Joseph Winston and Martin Armstrong, with Lee's Legion to support them.

The right flank was "covered" by Kirkwood's Delawares, Lynch's Virginia Volunteers and supported by Colonel William Washington's Cavalry.

The second line, three hundred yards behind the first, was composed of Virginia Militia under Generals Lawson and Stevens.

The third line, about four hundred yards still further East, was composed of the Continental soldiers.

General Greene's idea was to cripple Cornwallis by means of the Militia and then to defeat and rout him with his regulars.

The North Carolina Militia were armed with their hunting rifles and shot guns, without bayonets of course, and with but little discipline. They were ordered by General Greene in person to fire two rounds at the enemy and retreat before the British Regulars could reach them with their bayonets. They obeyed this command, many of them remaining to fire the third round.* When the retreat began it soon became a disorderly rout.

Colonel Campbell's command was separated, in the onslaught, from the first line and after very sanguinary fighting was forced South one-half a mile.

The second line was in turn broken after a most stubborn resistance on the part of General Stevens' Virginia Brigade. The battle was waged with varying fortunes on the left flank where Washington, Kirkwood and Lynch long withstood, with sturdy valor, the charges of the Veteran Brigade of Colonel Webster. This "covering party" fell back in order on the right of the Continental line.

Colonel Webster after defeating the two first lines of

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*Schenck's North Carolina 1780-81, p. 335.

Militia marched with confidence against the Continentals, but was repulsed with great slaughter by the Second Maryland Regiment under command of Colonel Gunby, and after he was wounded, under command of Lieutenant Colonel John Eager Howard. Colonel Webster received a wound in the knee, from a musket ball, of which he died on the retreat to Wilmington. The battle here raged fiercely but the Continental line being outnumbered finally retreated, but in perfect order, from the field. The fight between Campbell with his Virginia and North Carolina Volunteers on the one hand and the Hessians on the other continued on Greene's left until the Hessians were being slowly driven back along what was then known as the new Salisbury road, in the direction of Guilford Court House.

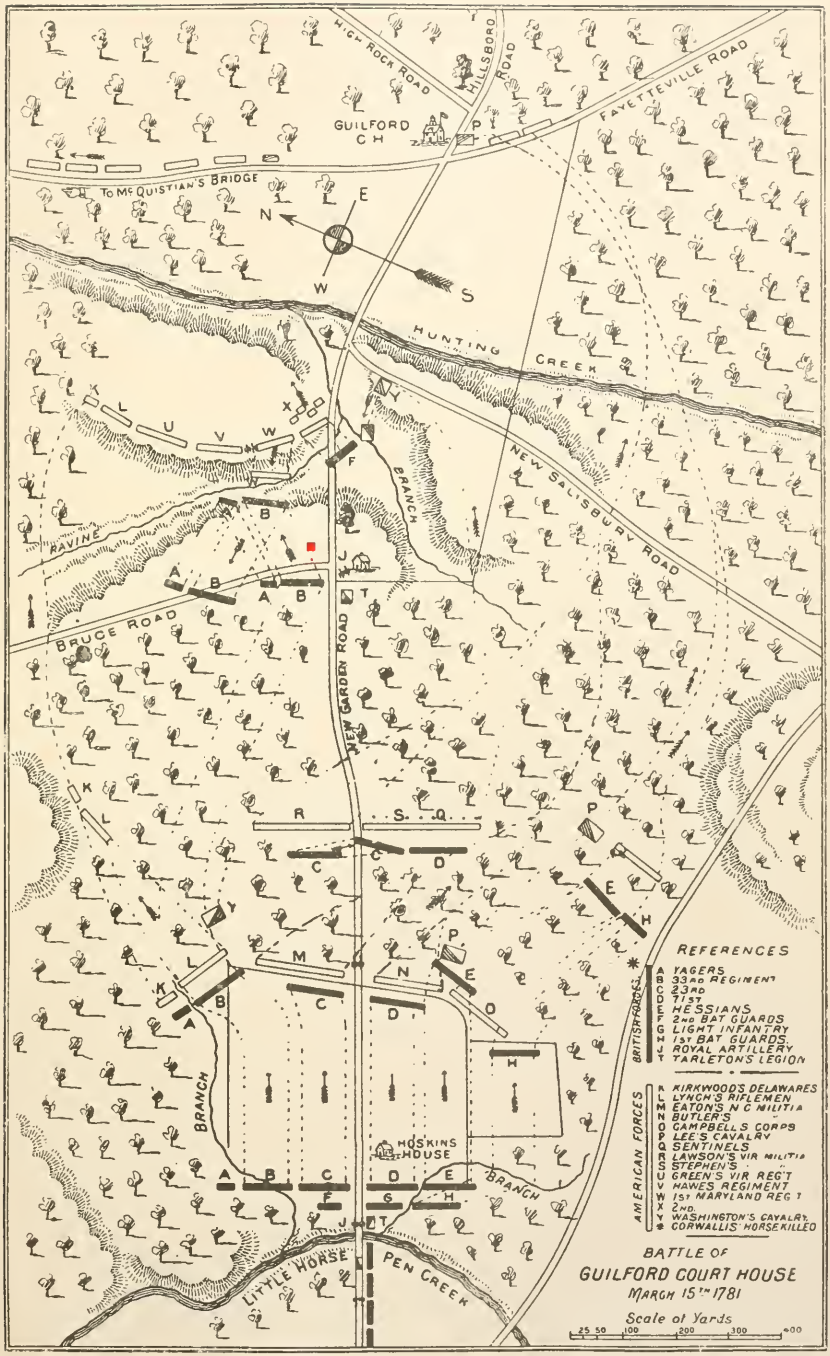
Greene having retreated and Colonel Lee having hurriedly left Campbell's flank without notice and without orders, Cornwallis dispatched Tarleton to attack Campbell and end the conflict.

Tarleton ordered the Hessians to fire simultaneously and under cover of the smoke of their muskets he charged Campbell with his cavalry and scattered this brave little band of heroes who never gave way until forsaken by Lee and overwhelmed by irresistible numbers.

No Spartan band ever fought with more fortitude or heroic valor than these Volunteers from North Carolina and Virginia, who were the *very last* to leave the field of battle on that eventful day.

Greene lost the field but gained the victory, for in thirty-six hours Cornwallis began and continued his hurried flight from the battle field to Wilmington with Greene in hot pursuit of him.

Cornwallis, discomfited, burthened with his wounded, out of provisions and medicines, reached the protection of his ships at Wilmington in a condition that warned



■ SITE OF THE MARYLAND MONUMENT.

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him that he was not yet safe. Gathering his shattered forces he retreated into Virginia and on the 19th day of October, 1781, surrendered to General Washington, at Yorktown. The victory was won at Guilford Court House and independence assured, but the surrender was at Yorktown.

Without Guilford Court House there would have been no Yorktown. The fight for liberty began at Alamance on the 16th day of May, 1771, and was virtually ended at Guilford Court House the 15th day of March, 1781.

It is not intended in this Memorial Volume to give other than a brief account of this great and decisive battle of the Revolutionary War. If the reader is desirous of seeing a very full and detailed account of it, from a North Carolina standpoint, he can consult "NORTH CAROLINA 1780–'81," by David Schenck, of Greensboro, N. C.

The name of Guilford Court House was subsequently changed to Martinsville in honor of Governor Alexander Martin.

Rockingham was formed in 1785 from the Northern part of Guilford, and this left Martinsville far from the centre of the remaining part of the county. In the year 1809 the Court House was moved, by an Act of the Legislature, from Martinsville to Greensboro.

The Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions met at Martinsville on Monday, the 15th day of May, 1809, and on Thursday, the 18th, it adjourned to meet Friday, at 10 o'clock, at Greensboro, where the further proceedings of the Court were had.

This appears from the Clerk's Record. John Starrett, Jonathan Parker, Joseph D. Bannett, John Gullett, George Swain, John McAdoo and Ephraim Burrow, Esquires, constituted this august tribunal.

Since that time Martinsville has sunk into gradual

decay. Its enterprising citizens moved to other towns, the old houses rotted down or were removed until at this date the only indications of its existence are an old well of delightfully pure, cold water, the vestiges of the two roads which ran at right angles to each other through the town and a depression showing the location of the old Court House and a part of the foundation of the old jail.

The ancient site is now in the middle of a field of thirty acres owned by James W. Webb, who resides near it.

The battle was fought along the New Garden or Salisbury road West of the town.

In the year 1882 the writer removed from Lincolnton, N. C., his native place, to Greensboro, and soon became greatly interested in the location and condition of this old battle field. Out of a population of 3,000 people in Greensboro he could not find a half dozen persons who could point out to him the scene of the battle. The writer procured Caruthers' Sketches of North Carolina, Series No. 2, which contained a full account of the battle and a modest vindication of the conduct of the North Carolina Militia. This intensified his interest and excited his desire to prosecute the inquiry in regard to their conduct. He was brought at last to the battle field and continued to revisit it frequently thereafter, and by the aid of the map in Caruthers' book he was enabled to study the positions of the armies and the progress of the battle. One lovely Autumn evening, in October, 1886, while waiting for a companion on the road, near this historic spot, the idea was conceived in his mind very suddenly to purchase the grounds and "redeem them from oblivion." It was nearly sundown and he was five and a half miles from home, but an irresistible and impatient impulse to carry out this scheme induced him

Ex-Gov. A. M. Scales.

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to go at once to see Mr. Emsley Sikes, a farmer, who owned all that part of the battle field South of the Salisbury or New Garden road. When the twilight came he had bargained for thirty acres of the land at ten dollars per acre, and the purchase was completed and the money paid a few days thereafter. He then purchased from the Dennis heirs nearly twenty acres at twenty dollars per acre. No consideration was extended to the sentiment which underlaid the object of the purchase. The land was taxed at two dollars per acre but he was compelled to give the enormous prices above mentioned simply because the owners had the power to require it. The forest lands West of the highway and Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad were subsequently added.

When the two first purchases were made that portion of the land was a tangled wilderness of briars, old field pines, broom sedge and every species of wild growth which comes up on old worn out fields. It was a gloomy prospect and an almost hopeless task to undertake its redemption and restoration to a state of cultivation, but the work has been accomplished and to-day, every acre, not scarred by deep gullies, is covered with a luxuriant crop of oats which spreads over all its surface as a green carpet. All the ancient roads leading through it, which had been abandoned for half a century, have been re-opened and put in fine order and every prominent point on the battle field marked.

A charter from the Legislature of North Carolina was procured at its session in 1887 and on the 6th day of May, 1887, Friday, J. W. Scott, David Schenck, Julius A. Gray, D. W. C. Benbow and Thomas B. Keogh met in a parlor of the Benbow House, Greensboro, N. C., and organized "THE GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND COMPANY." The shares in the Company were twenty-five

dollars each. A sufficient number being taken the persons above named were elected Directors, and the Directors having assembled in that capacity elected D. Schenck, President; J. W. Scott, Treasurer, and Thomas B. Keogh, Secretary. These offices continue to be held by the same persons to this date.

We published to the world the object of our organization and circulars were sent through the mails to prominent gentlemen of the State soliciting aid. The citizens of Greensboro responded liberally and cheerfully, with few exceptions, and very soon money sufficient was raised to secure the title to the Company of the lands desired and a considerable surplus was left in the Treasury. The Company hired a dozen negroes, who were placed under Mr. Emsley Sikes as overseer, and the task of clearing the grounds was begun and vigorously prosecuted. In a month or two the pines were cut down, the gullies filled up with the brush, the roads grubbed out and the old fields burned off so that the battle field was developed in a very similar condition to what it was in 1781.

We had no State aid until the Legislature appropriated two hundred dollars a year to our use, on the 1st day of February, 1889. Everything was done by the voluntary contributions of the Stockholders. We had no money to pay a keeper and our necessities were growing serious when the Legislature came to our assistance We had no means of farming the land and had to be content with preventing the obnoxious growth returning again upon it.

The Company now determined to have a celebration on the Grounds on Saturday the 5th day of May, 1888, the Anniversary of the organization, the 6th, being on Sunday. There were fully fifteen thousand people assembled on the grounds and the President of the

MUSEUM. BATTLE MONUMENT. ENTRANCE.

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Company delivered an address on the history and incidents of the battle. Many distinguished gentlemen including Governor A. M. Scales and the State officers were present. Great enthusiasm prevailed and a new impetus was given to the enterprise. The defence of the North Carolina Militia made by the speaker was considered satisfactory and the citizens of the State from being ashamed of the conduct of their ancestors became indignant at the injustice which had been done them in history.

The address was published and distributed all over the State and provoked much comment and discussion. From this day the success of the enterprise was assured.

Just before this celebration Governor A. M. Scales had caused to be prepared, at the Penitentiary, granite blocks beginning with a base of five feet square and running up to two feet, in pyramidal form, and nine feet high.

This granite Pyramid was erected with great joy in the center of the battle field and hard by the railroad and highway where it was visible to all travelers who should chance to pass that way. It had inscribed on it "GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND, THURSDAY, MARCH THE 15TH, 1781," and is known as the

BATTLE MONUMENT.

The first unpretentious monument however which was erected on the grounds, was donated by McGalliard & Huske, quarrymen, of Kernersville, Forsyth County, N. C.

It was of granite two feet high and six inches thick, set in another base of the same stone, and bears an inscription in honor of Captain Arthur Forbis, of Guilford County, N. C., who was wounded in the battle and died. It is placed at the spot where he fell in the discharge of his duty. To Forsyth County therefore is due the honor of furnishing the first Monument placed on the Guilford

Battle Ground. To Governor A. M. Scales is due the honor of the second.

The Press of the State now began to take up the controversy in behalf of the North Carolina Militia, and the *Wilmington Messenger* revived an old letter written by James Banks to the *Fayetteville Observer*, from the battle field, which he visited with Mr. Caruthers, dated November 5, 1855, which was really the first effort made by any one to remove the stigma from their character. Doctor Caruthers followed this investigation in 1856, in his Second Series of "*North Carolina Sketches*," and produced a strong array of facts, traditions and circumstances in vindication of the Militia.

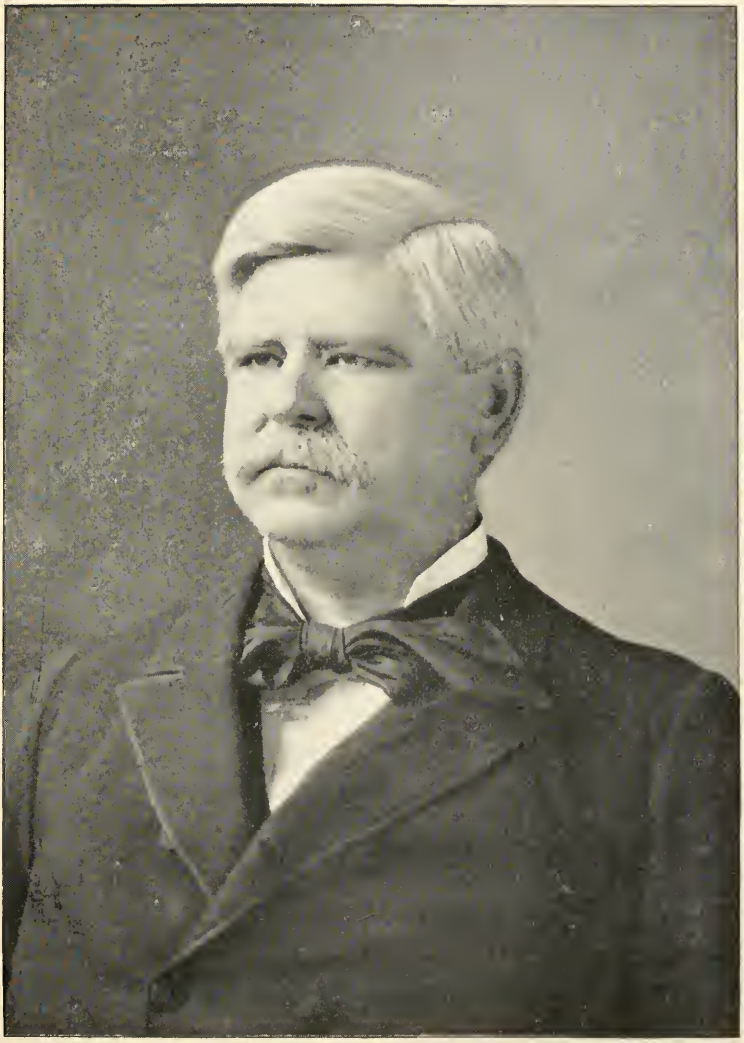
Mr. Banks, it seems, was a Scotchman, and a lawyer, who lived in Fayetteville, N. C. He afterwards died of consumption, in Florida, unmarried. His memory deserves to be cherished by every North Carolinian.

During the year 1888 Mr. William P. Clyde, of New York, furnished money enough to place a handsome pavillion over a lovely spring on the Grounds which added greatly to its attractiveness. Against his remonstrance the Company persisted in naming it

CLYDE SPRING

and as such this delightful fountain is now known far and wide.

The year 1889 showed steady progress. The celebration was held on the Grounds May the 4th, with Ex-Governor Z. B. Vance as the orator of the day. The love and affection of the people of North Carolina for this great popular leader was shown by the immense audience which greeted his presence. Full fifteen thousand people gathered around him and made the earth tremble with their applause. This enthusiam was heightened by the sympathy they felt for him in the



HON. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

U. S. Senator from North Carolina.

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recent loss of one of his eyes. The people wept and shouted and laughed in turn as this great man swayed their feelings. Such an ovation was never seen before.

The Company was specially indebted to the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company for much free transportation of material to its Grounds, and this liberal, generous, patriotic assistance has continued to this day. It is not too much to say that without its assistance the Company's progress would have been slow and tedious. It not only extends free transportation but divides with the Company the receipts from its passenger trains on celebration days. The present General Manager of this liberal Railroad Company, Mr. J. W. Fry, is Vice-President of this Company.

During this year, February the 1st, the Company drew from the State Treasury its first installment of two hundred dollars, which enabled it to hire a keeper.

This year our collection of relics from the battle field increased largely, and, in addition to cannon and musket and rifle balls and swords, W. B. Crews presented to the Museum the long single barrelled flint and steel shot gun used by his grandfather Caleb Crews in the battle.

In the Autumn of 1889 a book entitled "NORTH CAROLINA 1780–'81," whose author was the President of this Company, was published. Its object was to give a faithful account of the invasion of the Southern Colonies by Lord Cornwallis in 1780 and 1781, and with a special view to the part borne in this eventful struggle by North Carolina troops, and a full and detailed account of the conduct of the North Carolina soldiers at Guilford Court House.

In 1890 there was no public celebration, but there was a large Pic-Nic on the Grounds, May the 6th, attended by fifteen hundred people. The only ceremony that day was a presentation of an oil painting of the President of

the Company by Mr. David L. Clark, artist, of High Point, N. C. The evening of the day was inclement and this induced the Company to change their celebration day to the 4th of July of each year.

In June of this year Mr. Leonidas W. Springs, a wealthy retired merchant of Philadelphia, a native of North Carolina, furnished the requisite means to place the handsome pavillion over

"LEONIDAS SPRINGS."

In order to make the name appropriate, two bowls were placed in the fountain.

Mr. Springs has gone to his rest but his name is green in the memory of all who knew him and it is perpetuated forever in the lovely Spring that bears his name.

1891.

In January of 1891, the Company made application to the Legislature of North Carolina, through its President, for an appropriation of money to remove the remains of Brigadier-General Jethro Sumner from their neglected abode in Warren County to the Guilford Battle Ground and in February, 1891, an Act was passed appropriating fifty dollars for that purpose. On Saturday, May the 23rd, 1891, these honored remains were re-interred on the Battle Ground and the Monument re-erected over them. It is a quaint old pile and bears this simple inscription:

To the Memory of
GEN. JETHRO SUMNER,
One of the Heroes of "76."

On the 27th day of May a pretty little granite monument and shaft, nine feet high, was erected on the Grounds, over the remains of

DAVID L. CLARK, ESQ.,

ARTIST,

Who has presented three fine Oil Paintings to the Company.

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CAPTAIN JAMES TATE,

which were exhumed near New Garden, (where he fell in the opening skirmish of the battle,) and removed for re-interment to this consecrated Ground.

On the 14th day of April Colonel Julius A. Gray, Vice-President of the Company, died. The loss was irreparable to the Company. See sketch of him on a later page.

June, 1891,

THE MUSEUM,

a handsome little wooden building, was erected on the Grounds, and the relics of the battle field were carefully transferred to it.

The architect of this pretty little house was Orlo Epps, of Greensboro, N. C.

THE 4TH OF JULY, 1891,

was a grand celebration with the usual immense concourse of people assembled, and many distinguished visitors present from all over the State.

Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D., Professor of History at the University of North Carolina, delivered the annual address on the life and character of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JETHRO SUMNER.

General Sumner was one of the earliest, bravest and most constant defenders of the Colonies on the many fields of battle where his valor and skill were conspicuous among the distinguished associates of his day.

The theme was one to inspire an orator and the orator was equal to the inspiration. Doctor Battle's address, on this occasion, will take rank among the most learned historical contributions of the nation. It is full of

research, sparkling with humor and touching in its pathos. It was a splendid effort, worthy of the consecrated and honored spot upon which it was delivered. North Carolina may well be proud of her Sumner and her Battle.

This address was published and widely distributed among the public libraries of the Union.

This celebration was one of the most interesting of the series and the citizens of Greensboro vied with each other in providing the means to make it memorable in history.

1892.

This year was noted for permanent improvements.

LAKE WILFONG

was constructed by damming up the beautiful little rivulet that courses through "Spring Vale."

It is fed by five springs of pure water lying beneath its bosom and was called in honor of the President's wife Sallie Wilfong Schenck, who took her patronymic from John Wilfong, her great-grandfather, who was wounded at King's Mountain and was conspicuous for bravery at Eutaw Springs.

The annual celebration was held this year on the 4th of July and the address was delivered by the Hon. Walter Clark, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, on the life and services of

COLONEL WILLIAM R. DAVIE,

who was on General Greene's staff and an active participant in the battle.

This address, like everything emanating from the pen of Judge Clark, was exquisitely beautiful, chaste and scholarly. The portrayal of the brilliant career of

Clyde Spring.

Leonidas Springs.

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Colonel Davie as a cavalry officer, and of his life as a statesman and founder of our University, was charming and instructive. It was published by the Company and placed in the public libraries as another splendid contribution to North Carolina history. North Carolina has only begun to realize the obligations she owes this eminent citizen for his researches in her behalf. If spared, through his arduous and self-imposed labors, the history of North Carolina will be touched anew with the splendor of his pen and shine forth as the brightest among the galaxy of her sister Colonies.

In June the large

RESTAURANT BUILDING

sixty by thirty feet was erected on the grounds, at which refreshments are served to the vast throngs who attend the celebrations.

To the Museum was added an ancient musket carried by John Widener, of Lincoln county, N. C., at the battle of King's Mountain and a rifle supposed to have been carried by Jesse Franklin in the battle here.

On the 15th day of October the

MARYLAND MONUMENT

was unveiled. It is an immense granite block, cube shaped, on which are imbedded two handsome bronze tablets, the one exhibits the Coat of Arms of that State, the other a suitable inscription in honor of the Maryland soldiers who were slain in this battle.

A learned address was delivered by Professor Edward Graham Daves, of Baltimore, who presented the Monument and it was accepted on behalf of the Company by Professor A. E. Alderman, whose address was a finished gem of rhetorical beauty. Both of these addresses have been printed for distribution.

Professor Daves has been an enthusiastic, efficient and constant friend of the Company and is an honorary member of it. To him is due the credit of the erection of the Maryland Monument.

1893.

The most impressive, elaborate and wonderful celebration was that of the 4th of July, 1893, when thousands and thousands of citizens assembled to witness the splendid ceremonies attending the dedication of

THE HOLT MONUMENT.

The account of this magnificent display is given on subsequent pages.

TOMB OF CAPTAIN DAVES.

The remains of Captain John Daves, of Newbern, N. C., who belonged to the North Carolina Continental line and was attached to General Sumner's regiment three years under General Washington and afterwards promoted for gallantry at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, 1781, were removed to the Battle Ground June, 1893. His tomb was re-erected over his body by the Company. It is a handsome Marble Memorial. See further in regard to it in this volume.

The Company now owns seventy-five (75) acres of the battle field on which transpired nearly all the important events.

The collection in the Museum is extremely interesting and would do credit to a great city. Almost every species of the military weapons of that day are in its cases. Curios from this and other battle fields are preserved. Thousands of people visit it every year.

D. SCHENCK,

President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company.

November 4th, 1893.

Holt Monument, July 4, 1893.

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CHAPTER II.

History of the Holt Monument.

In February, 1893, the President of the Company appeared before the Legislature of North Carolina and asked for the increase of the annual appropriation to the Company from two hundred to five hundred dollars. The Bill for that purpose passed the Senate by a decisive vote but it only secured a majority of one in the House of Representatives, and by a Supplemental Bill the Act did not go into effect until 1895.

This was a sad blow to the Company, but such was the clamor in the State for economy that it was almost impossible to secure an appropriation for any object however worthy it might be.

The heart of the President had been set upon the hope of obtaining money enough from the State to erect a North Carolina Monument, but this hope had been crushed.

Having business at Alamance Superior Court, Spring Term, 1893, the thought of seeing his friend Governor Thomas M. Holt occurred to the mind of the writer and with this transient thought came the associated idea of appealing to him to give us out of his abundance the money to accomplish the object so dear to the friends of the Company. An opportunity was sought at the earliest convenience to lay this scheme before our patriotic Governor. His sympathy was aroused at once and after making practical inquiries as to the probable cost, he promised to give the matter favorable consideration. His heart was touched and his generous hand was in unison with it. In a few days came the welcome response by letter that he would erect the Monument at

his own expense. It was a joyous moment for the President. With this noble response came the request that the writer would choose the design and deliver the dedicatory address. The conditions were accepted. A plan, in the rough, was adopted and submitted to Mr. Orlo Epps, architect, of Greensboro, N. C., who put it into shape and furnished the drawing. The Mount Airy Granite Company agreed to furnish the granite at cost price and the work was soon under contract. Bureau Brothers, of Philadelphia, took the contract for the bronzes and finished them with artistic taste. By the 4th day of July, 1893,

THE HOLT MONUMENT

was ready for dedication and fifteen thousand people assembled on the Battle Ground to witness the ceremony.

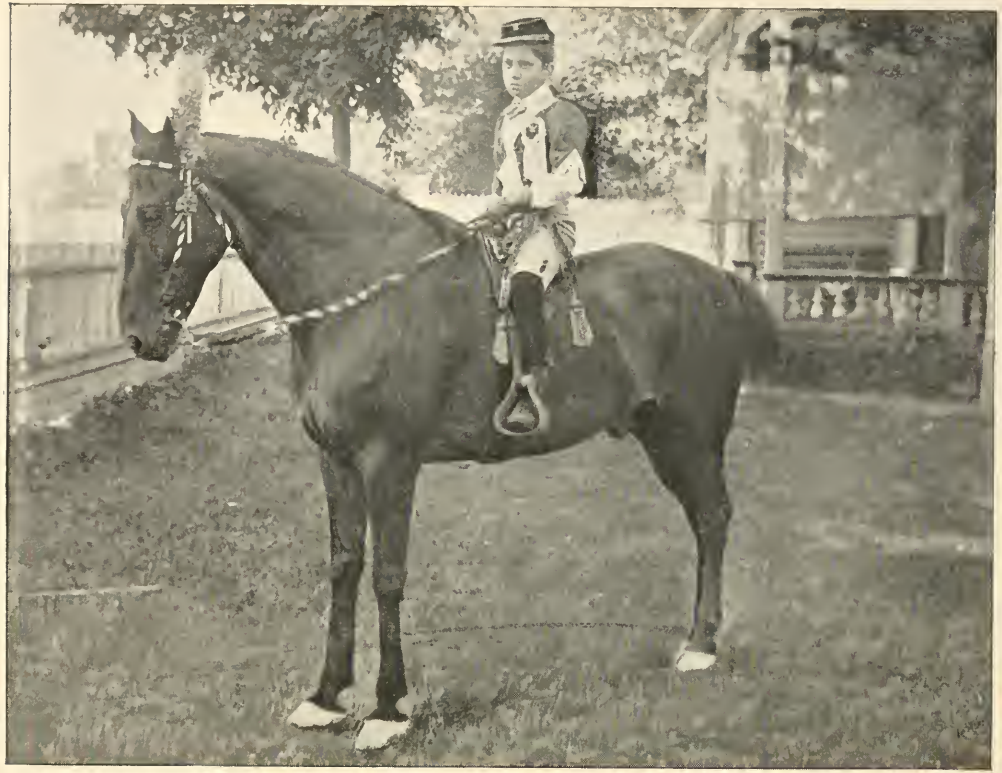
The account that follows will portray what a glorious day it was in the history of North Carolina.

D. SCHENCK.

REPORT OF HOWARD A. BANKS, ESQ.,

To the "Charlotte Observer" of the Celebration at Guilford Battle Ground, July 4th, 1893.

An immense concourse of patriotic North Carolinians has gathered here to-day, on this, the 117th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, to witness the unveiling of the Monument erected by Governor Thomas M. Holt to the memory of the North Carolina troops, who here, on March 15th, 1781, under Major Joseph Winston, fought the Hessians and Tarleton's Cavalry



PAUL WILFONG SCHENCK.
1893
"HOLT GUARD."

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after the Continental line had retreated from the field of battle. It is estimated that there were 15,000 people present. There could not have been less.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the line of march was formed at President Schenck's headquarters. Twenty mounted Marshals, all splendid physical specimens, took the lead, dressed in Continental uniform, under command of Chief Marshal Charles O. McMichael. They formed an exceedingly pretty picture.

Following them came the Lexington Silver Cornet Band, of sixteen pieces, which discoursed the sweetest music as the procession moved forward. The orator of the day, chaplain and distinguished guests in carriages followed, and after them the Charlotte Naval Battalion, North Carolina Confederate Veterans and members of the Guilford Battle Ground Company. The procession moved along through the beautiful groves and grounds, passing by Leonidas and Clyde Springs, and winding around the almost crystal-clear Lake Wilfong, passing under the Arch of Welcome, its pillars wrapped in the national colors, and the Arch proper bearing on one side: "The Old North State Forever," and on the reverse: "Carolina, Heaven's Blessings Attend Her," and arriving finally at the speaker's stand in a shady grove on the Eastern side of the field. During the march Judge Schenck's youngest son, Paul Wilfong Schenck, about twelve years old, rode proudly by the side of the carriage containing Ex-Governor Holt and his distinguished father. This patriotic youngster looked exceedingly handsome in his bright blue Continental uniform, and he sat upon his spirited animal with an hereditary gracefulness that reflected credit upon the horsemanship of his Revolutionary ancestors who rode after Campbell, McDowell or Sevier. One of this young man's ancestors on his mother's side, named John

Wilfong, distinguished himself in the battles of King's Mountain and Eutaw Springs.

Rarely is such a distinguished group of North Carolinians seen together at one time. Any State in the Union might have been proud of the possession of such sons and daughters.

On the stand were: Governor Elias Carr; Chief Justice James E. Shepherd, of the State Supreme Court; President George T. Winston, of the University; Justice Walter Clark, of the State Supreme Court; Dr. Kemp P. Battle and Professor E. A. Alderman, of the University; Judge Jesse Franklin Graves, of the Superior Court; Assistant Bishop Joseph B. Cheshire, of the Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of the Baptist Church, Charlotte; Hon. C. B. Watson, of Winston; Editor John R. Webster, of *Webster's Weekly;* Colonel Thomas B. Keogh, Colonel James E. Boyd the venerable octogenarian, Robert M. Sloan, and Dr. D. R. Schenck, of Greensboro; S. Wittkowsky, Esq., of Charlotte; and Mrs. George T. Winston and Mrs. David Schenck, with Miss Rebecca B. Schenck and Lucy Bevens, of Greensboro; Graves, of Mt. Airy, and Williamson, of Winston.

Among the audience were many prominent people. Among others the *Observer* caught sight of Professors Stephen B. Weeks, J. A. Holmes and Henry Louis Smith. There were bright-eyed maidens, manly youths, winsome matrons, strong, intelligent men in the prime of life; others who have climbed the hill of life, and descended far on the other side, on whose heads "the snow that never melts had fallen." But the central figures that towered above all others on this occasion and who were the cynosure of all eyes were Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt, through whose munificence the Monument to be unveiled was erected, and that patriot of

Col. Joseph M. Morehead.

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patriots and typical North Carolinian, the Hon. David Schenck, but for whose untiring labors this "Mecca of patriotism"—to quote Dr. Pritchard's felicitous expression—the Guilford Battle Ground would never have been reclaimed from the rank weeds that grew where heroes shed their blood, and but for whose unremitting studies some of North Carolina's grandest men would have remained—with the flight of time—"unwept, unhonored and unsung," and a shameful lie perpetuated in history. Yes, these were the two men that this truly representative assemblage had gathered to honor. Beauty, youth, chivalry, age, genius and intellectuality had come together to kneel and worship at the shrine of patriotism.

Colonel Joseph Morehead, of Greensboro, acted as master of ceremonies. He first introduced Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, who made the opening prayer.

Judge Schenck was then introduced. He arose, leaning upon his long staff. For the first time in four weeks, he said, he had left a sick chamber. There was a stoop in his great, broad shoulders and feebleness in his step as he came to the front of the platform. He asked that he might be excused if he should break down before he finished.

But it soon became apparent that there was no danger of this. The old lion was aroused. As he progressed in his defense of the much slandered North Carolina troops, who participated in the fight at Guilford Court House, he forgot that he was a sick man. At the first mention of the criminal injustice done to our soldiers in this engagement by historians, a feeling of righteous indignation pervaded the whole being of the speaker. It sent the blood tingling to his very finger tips; it brought the fiery flash to his eye. There was no longer the stoop in

his shoulders, the halt in his gait. In thunder tones he denounced the slanderers.

Every intelligent North Carolinian knows that Judge Schenck is a patriot. Every page of his History glows with patriotism and love of the Old North State. The existence of the Guilford Battle Ground Park is a constant proclamation of this fact. But nobody can ever realize how patriotic—how intensely, thrillingly patriotic—Judge Schenck is until they have seen him and heard him speak. When once you have heard him pour forth with fiery eloquence the emotions of a heart overflowing with love for his State; when once you have seen the impulsive tears gush to his eyes as he concludes some sentence with the words—"North Carolina, God bless her"—you can't be very much of a man if you don't find yourself feeling for your handkerchief to get the mist out of your own eyes. The name of Schenck will never cease to be a synonym for patriotism in North Carolina as long as she is a sovereign State.

Judge Schenck felt it necessary to cut his speech short. His conclusion was very pathetic, as he thanked Governor Holt for his great heartedness in building this Monument on the spot where North Carolina troops made the last stand at Guilford Court House, after General Greene had retired from the field, thus leaving them to face the Hessians and Tarleton all alone. He felt now that the desire of his heart had been accomplished, and he could now say, in all reverence, like old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." (Judge Schenck's speech will be published in full in next Sunday's *Observer*).

After Judge Schenck had concluded his magnificent address, Ex-Governor Holt was introduced, and his appearance was greeted with great applause. Governor Holt said that he had not come prepared to make any

set speech, but he hoped the audience would excuse any egotism on his part if he said, pointing to the Monument, "The erection of that Monument is the proudest act of my life." (Great applause). "Read the inscription on that Monument with one exception (that relating to himself). It is a better speech than I can make." Governor Holt said, "If there is any people on the face of the American soil entitled to celebrate the Fourth of July it is the people of Alamance and Guilford counties." (Great applause). He had been taught, he said, in his school days that the Revolution was begun at Concord and ended at Yorktown, not a word of which was true. It began with Alamance and ended practically at Guilford Court House. (Applause).

"I had rather have posterity read that I erected that Monument," concluded Governor Holt, "than have the Governorship to the end of my life." (Great applause).

Professor E. A. Alderman, then read, with fine expression, the beautiful poem of Professor Henry Jerome Stockard, who, to the great regret of all, was unable to be present.

The *Observer* regrets that the space is lacking to make deserved comment upon the patriotic speeches of the following distinguished gentlemen: Governor Elias Carr, Chief Justice Shepherd, President George T. Winston, of the University, Justice Walter Clark, Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Assistant Bishop Cheshire, and Judge Jesse Franklin Graves, a grandson of Captain Jesse Franklin, who fought in the battle.

The Monument was then unveiled, upon the signal fired by the howitzer of the Charlotte Naval Reserve, Lieutenant J. Frank Wilkes. The unveiling was done by four beautiful young ladies, daughters of North Carolina, Miss Carrie Holt, of Graham, a niece of Governor Holt; Miss Mary Moore Young, of Charlotte, a niece of Mrs.

Governor Holt, and Misses Lucy Bevens and Madeline Douglas, of Greensboro, the two former selected by Governor Holt and the two latter by the President of the Battle Ground Company.

The Monument is made of Surry County granite and is very handsome. On the three faces of the Monument are bronze tablets bearing the following inscriptions:

(1)

IN MEMORY OF
THE NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS
UNDER MAJOR JOSEPH WINSTON,
WHO WERE FIGHTING THE HESSIANS
AND TARLETON'S CAVALRY
NEAR THIS SPOT
AFTER THE CONTINENTAL LINE
HAD RETREATED
FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

(2)

MAJOR JOSEPH WINSTON,
CAPTAIN JESSE FRANKLIN,
RICHARD TALLIAFERRO.
Palmam qui meruit ferat.

(3)

ERECTED BY GOVERNOR THOMAS M. HOLT.
1893.

On the fourth face the Coat of Arms of North Carolina is embedded.

In the afternoon Hon. Cyrus B. Watson, of Winston, delivered a splendid address to the old veterans. The picture he painted of the battle fought on the ground where they stood was intensely thrilling.

The Guilford Battle Ground Company was organized May 6, 1887, with Hon. D. Schenck, President; and

Messrs. J. W. Scott, Julius A. Gray, D. W. C. Benbow and T. B. Keogh, Directors.

Judge Schenck was shortly before this out on the battle field obtaining data for his book. The place was overgrown with briars and weeds. One of his sons was with him, assisting him in his work. The idea suddenly flashed into his mind that this would be the place for the establishment of a park as a place to commemorate the glorious deeds of North Carolina's sons in the Revolution. He immediately went to the owner of the property and asked his price for it. He was told $10 an acre. The owner paid only $1.50 an acre for it. However, Judge Schenck at once bought a large portion of the property. He went to Greensboro and organized the Guilford Battle Ground Company. Other portions of the battle field were soon afterwards bought and the place gradually cleared off and made the lovely park it now is.

There are Monuments to the memory of General Jethro Sumner; to the Maryland Heroes, erected by the Maryland Historical Society and presented by Professor Graham Daves, of Baltimore; to Colonel Arthur Forbis and Captain James Tate, who were killed here.

The Clyde Spring on the ground is called for Mr. W. P. Clyde, of New York, who gave the money to adorn it. Leonidas Springs is called for Leonidas W. Springs, of Philadelphia, who was a native of Mecklenburg

There are seventy-five acres in the grounds and the State appropriates $200 annually towards keeping up the Grounds.

The citizens of Greensboro contribute freely to the Company every year.

PROGRAMME

GRAND CELEBRATION

AT THE

GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND,

THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY, 1893.

DEDICATION OF THE HOLT MONUMENT,

Presented by that noble North Carolinian,

GOVERNOR THOMAS M. HOLT.

Sunrise Gun from twelve pound Howitzer of Charlotte Naval Battalion.

The procession will form at precisely 11 o'clock A. M., at the President's headquarters in the following order:

Twenty mounted Marshals dressed in Continental Uniforms under command of Chief Marshal, Charles O. McMichael.

Lexington Silver Cornet Band—Sixteen pieces.

Orator of the day, Chaplain and Distinguished Guests in Carriages.

Naval Battalion.

Bicycle Brigade.

Veterans.

Members of Guilford Battle Ground Company.

Citizens Generally.

The line of procession will be by way of Lake Wilfong to the Speaker's Stand near the Holt Monument.

AT THE HOLT MONUMENT,

the dedication ceremonies will be as follows :

Battle Monument. Museum. Cottage. Keeper's Lodge.

FLAG STATION, C. F. & Y. V. R. R.

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MUSIC.

Prayer by Rev. T. H. PRITCHARD, D. D.

Address by HON. DAVID SCHENCK,

President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company.

MUSIC.

Poem by PROF. HENRY J. STOCKARD.

Short Speeches by Distinguished Visitors present.

MUSIC.

Unveiling the Monument by four young ladies in White, Red and Blue.

Signal Gun.

Return to the Station for Dinner.

AT 2:30 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Confederate Veterans' Union will meet at the Grand Stand.

MUSIC.

Prayer by Chaplain.

Address by HON. CYRUS B. WATSON of Winston, N. C.

After the meeting the Ceremonies of the Day will be closed by a Signal Gun.

JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD, MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

Dedication Ceremonies.

The immense throng of people having marched from the railroad station to the speaker's stand, near the Holt Monument, the following proceedings took place:

Mr. Joseph M. Morehead, Master of Ceremonies, arose and said:

Gentlemen and Ladies:

It is with peculiar propriety that we should open the exercises here to-day with grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God (our God and the God of our fathers long ago) for the inestimable blessings of liberty, civil and religious, which we are permitted to enjoy. We will now be led in prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Thomas H. Pritchard, D. D., of Charlotte, N. C.

Prayer of Doctor Pritchard.

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." We recognize Thee as the Author of our being and the Source of all our mercies, and we come before Thee this day with gladness in our hearts and praise upon our lips. We thank Thee that in Thy infinite wisdom Thou didst determine to create man; that Thou didst honor him by making him in Thine own image; that Thou didst endow him with lofty capacities of mind and heart, "crowning him with glory and honor, making him but a little lower than the angels." We thank Thee for the good Providences by which the race has been preserved through all the perils and vicissitudes of the ages. We are profoundly grateful unto Thee, O Lord God Almighty, that Thou hast revealed Thyself unto Thy highest earthly creation,

man, as a God of Mercy, as a God of Truth, as a God of Glory, as a God of Power as well as of Justice; and O Lord we pray that there may be given unto us grace at all times to look to Thee as the great Object of worship, as the Being whom we should honor and whose blessings we should ever ask upon ourselves. We are here to-day as the representatives of the people of this great commonwealth, on this the day that is sacred to the memories of the American people, to honor Thy great name for the kindly interpositions of Thy Providence in behalf of our own people. As Thou didst call Abraham in the olden time and make him the head of a great people whom Thou didst foster and cherish and educate to be the religious teachers of the world for all time, so do we humbly believe that Thou didst call the Anglo-Saxon race in the long ago, in the wild forests of Germany, to be the great teachers of civil and religious liberty to the world. Thou didst imbue their minds with a personal sense of independence, with a love of freedom, with a sacred regard for personal rights, and Thou didst so cherish these principles in their lives and characters, developing them under the higher and better auspices of English Government, until the full flower of those principles found their fulfilment and glorious development in these United States. Thou didst bring a people here prepared by Thy own hand, possessing conscientious convictions of right and duty and didst establish them, removing the Red People who were here before them, and the savage wild beasts that inhabited many parts of the country. As Thou didst drive out the Canaanites and the savage wild beasts from the Holy Land, so didst Thou prepare a country the most attractive, the most beautiful and the most fertile, possessing higher and better natural advantages than any other part of the whole earth, as the chosen home of

Thy peculiar people. O Lord, we do thank Thee for the Puritan and the Cavalier; we thank Thee for Washington and for Jefferson and for Madison and for Hamilton and for Greene and for Sumner and for Davie and for Marion and for the many other heroes who distinguished themselves on fields of battle in the contest for freedom. We cherish the memories of our fathers who fought and bled and died on this consecrated spot, and we are gathered here to-day as their descendants with our hearts filled with the inspiration of patriotism, to erect a Monument to their memories and to cherish in sacred honor their names and their achievements. We thank Thee that Thou didst put it into the heart of one of Thy servants to devote time and wisdom and energy and great labor to the upbuilding of this place and for the increase of interest on the part of our people to make this a Mecca of Patriotism and a holy shrine for the hearts of the people of North Carolina. We rejoice that Thou didst put it into the heart of one of Thy servants—Thy patriotic servant—to erect this Monument which we are to-day to unveil, and which has brought so many of these, Thy servants, here to-day, with glad hearts and eager lips, ready to praise Thee for all Thou hast done for us as a people in the past The Lord preserve the lives and the Lord bestow help upon these Thy servants who are brought by the spirit of patriotic inspiration before us to-day. May Thy benefits rest upon Thy servant, the Governor of this commonwealth, who honors this occasion with his presence, and all these, the men and women of patriotic North Carolina, who are gathered here to honor this sacred occasion. And now, Lord, we pray Thee that as Thou hast given us the early rain, may we also have the latter; may the labor of the husbandman be rewarded and his harvest be seed to the sower and bread to the eater, and may our hearts be filled with

food and gladness. Bless the President of these United States and his appointed counsellors. Bless all men of authority everywhere in our land, and especially in our own beloved Old North State. Give us peace within our borders, give us prosperity in our homes and give us the God of our fathers as our God and the Sabbath day which they honored as our day of rest and worship. O Lord God of infinite wisdom we pray Thee to preserve in their integrity the civil and religious institutions of this land. May we be as a lamp to the world in the teaching of these great and beneficent principles, and may the God of our fathers be our God henceforth and forever. May it please Thee that all the exercises of this day shall be conducted in order and with propriety, and redound to the peace and happiness of all here assembled, and to Thy glory and honor. And now, great God, the Father of us all, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, look upon us as an assembly of Thy own creatures, command Thy gracious benediction upon us to-day; may Thy banner of love float over us and our hearts go out in a melody of praise to Thee for Thy great goodness and mercy unto us. Hear us, O Lord God Almighty, we humbly ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Advocate and Mediator. Amen.

Mr. Morehead then said:

"It is said that the attempt to smooth the ice, to paint the lily or to add perfume to the violet is an impossible task. Remembering as we do that six years ago this Park of nearly one hundred acres was a desolate and tangled waste, and then looking abroad from this stand to-day at its carefully preserved groves, its sparkling waters, its sodded slopes and the stately Monuments that crown its knolls, it seems indeed a work of supererogation to introduce here, as I now do, the inspiring cause of it all, the President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, the Hon. David Schenck.

JUDGE SCHENCK'S ADDRESS

At the Holt Monument Unveiling--An Eloquent and Convincing Argument that North Carolina Volunteer Riflemen from Wilkes, Surry, Stokes, Forsyth and Guilford Were the Last Soldiers to Leave the Battle Field of Guilford Court House--A Tribute to the Patriotism of Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt--The Address Delivered on the Guilford Court House Battle Field, July 4th.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

On three of the faces of the beautiful and imposing granite Monument in front of us are securely attached three bronze tablets bearing the following inscriptions:

(1)

IN MEMORY OF
THE NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS
UNDER MAJOR JOSEPH WINSTON,
WHO WERE FIGHTING THE HESSIANS
AND TARLETON'S CAVALRY
NEAR THIS SPOT
AFTER THE CONTINENTAL LINE
HAD RETREATED
FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
MARCH THE 15TH, 1781.

(2)

MAJOR JOSEPH WINSTON,
CAPTAIN JESSE FRANKLIN,
RICHARD TALLIAFERRO.
Palmam qui meruit ferat.

(3)

ERECTED BY GOVERNOR THOMAS M. HOLT.
1893.

(4)

COAT OF ARMS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

At the personal request of Governor Holt, whose noble benefaction has enriched the Guilford Battle Ground Company, and enabled it to take history from the fleshy

Very truly Yours
R. Schenck

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tablets of man's memory and chisel it in granite and bronze, I am here to vindicate and maintain the truth of the assertion that the North Carolina Volunteer Riflemen, from Wilkes, Surry, Stokes, Forsyth and Guilford, were the very last soldiers to leave this field of battle, and that the last man who poured out his blood as a libation to the liberty of his country, was Richard Talliaferro, a Volunteer Rifleman from Surry County, who fell and died under a sabre stroke from one of Banister Tarleton's dragoons.

If we can establish these facts upon a sound historical basis, and blazon them before the eyes of our people and the generations which shall succeed us, then indeed have we accomplished a work which should fill the heart of every North Carolinian with noble pride for his State and reverence for the memories of the heroes who have given immortality to their names.

Therefore, this pleasant and agreeable task which has been cast upon me by my honored friend is not to deal in classical allusions, or lead you into the painted fields of rhetoric and literature but to present to your judgments a solid and reasonable argument, which will bear the test of research or the impartial rules of logic.

I shall endeavor to state the facts as they appear in history, and to draw from them the conclusions of my own mind and submit them to your reason and conscience, confident that at the end you will love your State more than you did at the beginning.

On the 5th day of May, 1888, near the line where the North Carolina Militia stood, and West of us, I dared to dispute the vile slanders which Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had heaped upon those men in his Memoirs, and to prove by written and cotemporary history, as well as by undisputed tradition, that these raw and undisciplined troops, though facing the best soldiers in the world, with

bristling bayonets, against which they had no weapon of defence, did obey the orders which General Greene gave to them in person, and did fire twice upon their foes with their muskets, shot guns and rifles, the only weapons they had, before retreating from the front.

> "Whose twice lit tongue of bolted flame
> Blazed full upon their foemen."

I have followed those brave men to their subsequent organization as Regulars under Major Eaton, and their march to Augusta, Ga., where they used their newly acquired bayonets and stormed the English fort on June 5th, 1781, and I have, with increasing delight, traced them to the carnage at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, 1781, where they withstood the charge of the British Regulars and turning upon their foes drove them in flight and confusion from the field of battle, and a nobler record was never made in history than those identical militiamen made at Augusta and Eutaw Springs.

We now stand here upon this consecrated spot, enriched by the blood of North Carolinians, to glory in the achievements of our Volunteer Riflemen, who came to the rescue of Greene as fast as their hardy mountain horses could bring them—who came without draft or conscription, without wages or rations—but willing, if necessary, to lay down their lives for the independence of their country.

General Greene's Army was composed of three classes of troops.

The Continental soldiers of the line, the Militia of the State called out by the Governor for six weeks service, and, lastly, the Volunteer soldiery who came from Virginia and North Carolina to aid in the great struggle which was about to take place on this ground around Guilford Court House.

Being Volunteers, they were not enrolled on the lists of the American Army, and do not appear on the official reports. They attached themselves, under the direction of General Greene, to such one of the different corps or divisions as suited their fancy, or where duty seemed to invite them. In order to discover the number, names and commands, of these irregular troops, it is necessary to search very closely and accurately the records of the several authors who wrote about this memorable campaign, in order to catch the glimpses of these men as they pass before our eyes. General Greene had counted very largely upon the thousand Volunteer Riflemen, which Colonel William Campbell had promised to bring to his assistance from Washington County, Virginia.

But Johnson, in his life of Greene, Volume I., page 469, says:

"The gallant Colonel Campbell, who had promised a reinforcement of one thousand hardy mountaineers, flushed with the capture of an entire army on King's Mountain, had, almost desperate with mortification, presented himself with only sixty followers."

This is a most important statement, because the whole corps which covered the left flank of the American Army is spoken of in history as "Campbell's Corps," and in it he had only sixty men.

It is very probable that even those troops spoken of as "sixty men" were in reality North Carolinians.

Ramsey in his Annals of Tennessee, page 251, says:

"Under this condition of things (in February, 1781,) the Governor of North Carolina conjured Shelby to return to the relief of his distressed country. General Greene also addressed to the Western leaders, who had signalized their zeal at King's Mountain, the most earnest and flattering letters reminding them of the glory already acquired and calling upon them to come forward once more to repel the invaders.

"Colonel Sevier was at this time, with most of the Militia of Watauga and Nollichucky engaged in protecting their own frontier and chastising the Cherokees, as will be elsewhere narrated. Neither of the Western Commanders could therefore go to the assistance of General Greene. A few of the pioneers of Tennessee (then North Carolina) however were under his command as Volunteers at the hardly contested battle of the 15th of March, 1781, of Guilford Court House, and are said to have behaved well."

In the "Rear Guard of the Revolution," pages 287-288, we find that

"General Greene also wrote Sevier reminding him of his glorious services at King's Mountain and earnestly urging him to come to his aid with as many of his Mountaineers as he could muster. These appeals fell on willing ears but Sevier's hands were tied, his men had now again to defend their own firesides. However he *dispatched a small force under Charles Robertson to Greene, and they soon afterward gave a good account of themselves at Guilford Court House.*"

It is not at all surprising that Colonel Campbell should recruit troops in North Carolina; for the County of Sullivan, North Carolina, adjoined Washington County, Virginia, and Washington County, North Carolina was just South of Sullivan. State lines were little regarded in those dates when the frontiersmen made common cause against a common invader. The history of the gathering of the troops for King's Mountain is an illustration of this fact.

In "DRAPER'S KING'S MOUNTAIN AND ITS HEROES," page 391, we read :

"Notwithstanding the Cherokees were troublesome and threatening the frontiers Colonel Campbell raised over a hundred of his gallant riflemen and moved forward on February the 25th, *others joining him on the way*, until he brought General Greene, about the 2nd of March, four hundred *Mountaineers*.

Who the "others" were is the subject of our inquiry, for by the common consensus of all the historians of that

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day, it was this corps which was fighting the Hessians after General Greene had retreated from the field.

These "others," "mountaineers," "on the way," could have been none other than Winston's and Armstrong's Volunteers, or Minute Men, who were immediately on Campbell's way to Greene. By tradition well preserved Campbell was to cross at Flowery Gap in Surry County and be joined by the Surry men, but it so happened that Armstrong and Winston reached General Pickens' Command, of Greene's Army, which was after Tarleton, before Campbell arrived.

"Others" "on the way" could not have referred to Colonel Preston's Command which was from Augusta County, Virginia, over one hundred miles Northeast of Washington County where Campbell lived and he traveled Southeast to join Greene.

I append to this address a letter from Martin Armstrong to Campbell showing that they were acting in concert and that Armstrong was preparing the "way" through Surry for Campbell and was expecting him and urging him to hasten forward.

To return to the battle: The North Carolina Militia had been broken; then the Virginia Militia, under Generals Stevens and Lawson, had been driven to the Court House, Northeast of where we stand, and the Continental line, after varying fortunes, in which the Marylanders under Gunby and Howard, and the Delawares under Kirkwood, had covered themselves with immortal glory, were at length compelled to retreat in the direction of McQuistian's Bridge, three miles from the scene of strife.

After all this, and when the Militia and Regulars and Cavalry had all gone, a gallant and undaunted little band of hardy riflemen were still waging the unequal contest on the American left, where we now stand.

Tarleton, in his account, says:

"Earl Cornwallis did not think it advisable for the cavalry to charge the enemy, who were retreating," (meaning the Continentals) "but directed him to proceed with a squadron of dragoons to the right, where, *by the constant fire which was yet maintained*, the affair seemed not to be ended.

"As soon as the cavalry arrived, the guards and the Hessians were directed to fire a volley upon the largest part of the Militia, and, under cover of the smoke, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton doubled around the right flank of the guards and charged the Americans with considerable effect. The enemy gave way on all sides and were routed with confusion and loss.

"Thus ended a well contested action which had lasted two hours."

The battle ended with this charge of cavalry. The Riflemen, having been deserted by Lee, as Johnson says, had no protection, and were compelled to yield the field.

In his official report, Earl Cornwallis says: "The Twenty-Third and Seventy-First Regiments, with part of the cavalry, were ordered to pursue the Continentals, the remainder of the cavalry was detached with Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton to our right, where a heavy fire still continued."

Stedman says: "The action being ended in the centre and on the left of the British line, a firing was still heard on the right."

The firing heard on the right after the termination of the action on the centre and left induced Cornwallis to send Tarleton with part of his Cavalry to that point.

Lee, in his Memoirs, says: "Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton found only a few resolute marksmen in the rear of Campbell, who continued firing from tree to tree."

He should have added that these men remained to continue the fight after he had retreated without orders to the Court House, and left them devoid of protection from the cavalry.

It is therefore an undisputed fact that the battle ended on the British right, the British advancing from West to East, thus locating the last conflict to the South of the New Garden road, on both sides of which they were marching.

Now as to the vicinity where this last charge of Colonel Tarleton took place, I have this reliable testimony:

Just North of where we stand, some three hundred yards distant, and on the West side of the Salisbury road, lived Jonathan Merideth at the time of the battle, March the 15th, 1781. He had a son, Milton Merideth, who lived with his father and who died unmarried. He was the brother of Mrs. Phœbe Ross, who lives in less than a mile Southwest of this spot.

Addison Coffin, an intelligent gentleman, a prominent member of the Society of Friends, who was born and raised near the present Guilford College, formerly known as New Garden Meeting House, now seventy-two years of age and a citizen of Hadley, Hendrix county, Indiana, noted for his remarkably retentive and accurate memory, and who from his youth became deeply interested in this battle field and its incidents, came on a visit to his friends in this county in August, 1890, and was introduced to me as one from whom much valuable information could be derived. I was not long in discovering the worth of his acquaintance, and on the 22d day of August I took him with me in my buggy to this battle field where we spent the day in visiting various spots of historic interest.

Coming to the place where the old Jonathan Merideth homestead stood, he said that about the year 1840, when

he was just grown into manhood, he came to the battle field with a Mr. Lamb, who also took great interest in the history of the battle; that they came to Jonathan Merideth's house and conversed with him and his son, Milton Merideth, who pointed out to them various localities of interest, and among the most important of these was the spot where we have erected the Monument.

Milton Merideth took the trouble to accompany them across the field just Northwest of us then, however, in forest, and coming to this spot, he said:

"HERE THE BATTLE ENDED; THE LAST SHOTS WERE FIRED HERE."

Mr. Coffin was so wonderfully accurate in his memory that he gave me an exact description of the place before we came to the battle field, though he had not been there for about fifty years. I was greatly astonished at his memory, indeed the most wonderful I have ever known.

It is not necessary for me to speak of Mr. Coffin's high character for piety, integrity and truth. That is "known and read of all men" who have been acquainted with him. I vouch for his character myself.

This information, so directly and accurately obtained from Addison Coffin, through Jonathan and Milton Merideth, is corroborated by the citations from the various historians named above, so that we may take it, now beyond controversy, that this spot or vicinity is where the Riflemen, under Campbell, were fighting the Hessians and Tarleton's cavalry, after General Greene and the Continental soldiers and the Militia had left the field.

The last and most important fact for me to demonstrate to your satisfaction is that the North Carolina Volunteers,

including Winston, Franklin and Talliaferro, were among the very last to leave the field.

The only biographical sketch of Major Joseph Winston, which is entitled to historical respect, is the one contained in that invaluable work, "King's Mountain and Its Heroes," written by Lyman C. Draper, LL. D., of Wisconsin, a gentleman to whom North Carolina is largely indebted for the justice which he has done to her history and the wonderful amount of information which he has collected in regard to her Revolutionary period.

Draper says on page 455 that "in February, 1781, Winston led a party against a band of tories, had a running fight with them, killing some, capturing others and dispersing the remainder. He shortly after joined General Greene with a hundred Riflemen and shared in the battle of Guilford."

The mere statement of a fact connected with the life of a "King's Mountain Hero," by Draper, would of itself be conclusive to the minds of those who have studied his history. His carefulness, his research and his impartiality, as well as his integrity, are undisputed.

In the introduction to his great work, Professor Draper gives the names of a large number of citizens of North Carolina to whom he was specially indebted for valuable information. Among those from Surry are John Banner and Wylie Franklin.

I have interviewed my distinguished friend, Judge Jesse Franklin Graves, as to the character of these men, and their means of ascertaining the truth in regard to Major Winston. He says that "John Banner was a native of Stokes County, was a prominent man and at one time Clerk of the Court and a man of intelligence. He was not a cotemporary of Winston, but came in the next generation, and had ample opportunity to know the traditions in regard to him. He lived in the vicinity of

Major Winston's home near old Germantown and died about three years ago."

It was no doubt from Mr. Banner that Professor Draper derived the most of his information in regard to Winston, and that Banner was induced by Draper to make research and ascertain the history of Winston from his neighbors and friends. Draper began, he says, to gather material for his work in 1839, though it was not published until 1881, and he had ample opportunity to collect facts from those who knew Winston personally, for Winston did not die until April the 21st, 1815.

Wylie Franklin was a son of Shadrach Franklin, the latter a brother of Jesse Franklin, who beyond all question was the last man to leave this field. Judge Graves informs me that though Wylie Franklin was the correspondent, he only wrote what was dictated to him by Shadrach Franklin, a cotemporary of Winston, and who was well acquainted with the events and characters of that day. It is, therefore, manifest that Professor Draper had the most authentic sources of information at his command and that he used them freely. As the result of his correspondence with Banner, Franklin and others, he states positively and unequivocally that Major Winston shared with Greene in the battle of Guilford.

This statement is strongly corroborated by Johnston in his Life of General Greene, who relates that Major Winston with one hundred Riflemen and Major Armstrong (Martin Armstrong, no doubt), joined the commands of General Pickens and Lee on the evening of the 25th of February, 1781, just after Lee had cut the command of Colonel Pyles to pieces.

General Joseph Graham, in one of his Revolutionary Sketches, published in the University Magazine of May, 1856, relates the active services of Captain Jesse Franklin, of Winston's Command, who was doing "patrol" or

scouting duty, and gives the sad account of the death of Major Micajah Lewis, who, being temporarily without a command, was yet so anxious to aid in repelling the common enemy that he volunteered as a private.

Johnston, Volume I, page 475, speaking of the state of affairs March 13th, 1781, says that "the term of the service of the Militia was rapidly passing away and the Volunteers had only engaged for six weeks."

The military service of that day was counted from the time the soldier joined the army, and as Winston joined on the 25th of February the service of his command would not end until about the 10th of April, and would embrace the time of the battle here, the 15th day of March, 1781.

The term of service of the North Carolinians, which composed nine-tenths of General Pickens' Brigade, expired the 1st of March, but they remained until the 7th and participated in the affair at Whitsell's Mill.

Colonel William Campbell did not reach Greene's Army until the 3rd of March.

Colonel Preston had joined Pickens on the 25th day of February with three hundred Virginians, and these were placed under Colonel Campbell. While it is not stated positively that Winston was in Campbell's Command, every allusion to them proves the fact. As early as January the 30th, 1781, Greene had written a most urgent letter to Colonel Campbell, from Sherrill's Ford, beseeching him to come with his King's Mountain victors, to his aid, and Campbell had promised to do so, but the Indians, being incited to an invasion of the frontier settlements by British emissaries, the men of Washington County, Virginia, Campbell's home, were compelled to turn their attention to them, and for this reason Campbell could only obtain sixty men, but the mountains sheltered Surry County, North Carolina, and

Campbell naturally turned his eyes for aid to Major Winston, his comrade in arms, who had ascended the heights of King's Mountain side by side with him in the October previous.

Judge Graves confirms this by a well authenticated tradition in his family that the Surry Volunteers, by agreement, were to join Campbell at the Flowery Gap of the Blue Ridge, but as Campbell was tardy the Surry men under Winston and Armstrong proceeded to the front.

As Colonel Campbell was the ranking officer, it was reasonable and proper that Winston should serve under him.

I have demonstrated that both Winston and Armstrong were in the battle; that their troops were veteran riflemen and behaved with gallantry. No author records or suggests that they were in line with the North Carolina Militia. They would not be placed in the Virginia line, nor the Continental line of Regulars, where else then could they have been but with Campbell? That was their natural position, it was where they would choose to be and where every instinct of military genius would assign them. They were with their brother riflemen, under their former Commander at King's Mountain and were eager to share again with him in the glories of victory.

General Greene in a letter to Colonel William Preston, dated February 24th, 1781, from Hico river, says:

"It is my wish that you should march to this place as soon as possible and join General Pickens, who has a party of Militia collected from the Salisbury district. It is necessary that we should collect our force to a point, and it is equally necessary that the force should be formed under the command of *good and experienced officers*. There is no one more deserving than General Pickens, who, I dare say, would be perfectly agreeable to you and your command."

The policy of Greene is announced of "forming the troops" then collecting to his command, and who were without a general officer, "under good and experienced officers," naming Pickens as suitable for that position. Pickens was, however, soon to leave, as the time of his own troops expired the 1st of March, and how natural it was then to transfer these troops thus formed to Campbell who was "a good and experienced officer," and came with a great reputation on account of his recent victory at King's Mountain. He was immediately assigned to the important post as rear guard and as such repulsed the attack of Webster at Whitsell's Mill, on the 7th of March.

Campbell's Riflemen and Winston's and Armstrong's and Preston's were a class of soldiers wholly distinct and different from the general Militia. I am much inclined to think Winston's and Armstrong's were the "MINUTE MEN," organized under the Act of the Colonial Congress, April 4th, 1776. They kept themselves ready for service at any minute, and to do this required discipline and drill and equipments, besides a determined will and a lofty courage.

Greene wanted all the King's Mountain men he could gather, because they were veterans by long experience in the frontier battles with Indians, and were brought up from their youth to the use of the rifle and the privations of camp life.

Winston and Campbell had shared in the splendid victory at King's Mountain, and with their laurels, not a year old, were anxious and impatient to exhibit their prowess in war again to the discomfiture of the British Commander. Lee says, page 265, that "Campbell's Militia were part of the conquerors of King's Mountain." Preston was not at King's Mountain but Winston was.

Every inference and every reasonable conclusion

drawn from the meagre account of the detachment of Greene's Army, which was harassing Cornwallis in North Carolina, from the 25th day of February to the 13th of March, when they joined Greene at High Rock Ford, points to Winston's and Armstrong's troops as a part of Campbell's Corps.

The Volunteer forces, not being under the control of Congress and not being called out by the State, do not appear on the muster rolls, as the Continental Line and the Militia did, and hence their movements cannot be traced through official reports. It was convenient to Greene to ignore them in numbering his troops, so that it might not appear that he so greatly outnumbered Cornwallis as he did.

But we hasten on to the battle, where by all accounts the North Carolina Militia were placed in the front line, with Colonel Washington covering their right flank and Campbell's Corps of Riflemen covering their left flank. No mention is made of Winston or Armstrong as being with the Militia or Regulars, but they remained where they had been since the third of March, under Campbell, as veteran riflemen to protect the flank.

Campbell, as we know, was attacked by the First Battalion of British Guards under Major Norton, in order to relieve Leslie's Brigade, composed of the Seventy-First Regiment of Highlanders and the Hessian Regiment, from the galling fire of Campbell's rifles, but Campbell, protected by the forest, poured such a deadly fire into the Guards that they were routed and driven back in confusion to the open ground. Here Cornwallis rode among them in person and rallied the battalion into line, while the Hessians, having driven the Militia from their front, turned on Campbell's right.

The unequal combat was renewed, and Campbell in turn was driven South, to the high ridge or little

Mountain South of us, not, however, without great loss to the British. Cornwallis, following up his advantage with too much zeal, had his splendid iron-grey horse shot under him near the house of Mrs. Phœbe Ross. As the battle now began to rage fiercely with the Continental Line on Greene's right, and Webster's Brigade had been routed by the magnificent charge of the First Maryland Regiment, and the Second Battalion of British Guards had been almost annihilated by these same troops, Cornwallis was compelled to withdraw the First Battalion under Norton from Campbell's front.

As only the Hessians were now left, Campbell soon began to press them sorely and drive them Northward along the Salisbury road, just by our side here, until he reached this spot. He was slowly but surely fighting his way to Greene's left and would very soon have joined him if Greene had not retreated. Lee says that Greene was laboring under the mistake that the British were getting in the rear of his left flank and were still victorious in that quarter, and fearing that he might be cut off he retreated. Johnston reflects most severely and justly upon Lee for not giving correct information to Greene instead of remaining an idle spectator of the battle from the Court House.

But the end did come, and Campbell's men, who had been in the fiercest of the fight, were at last overpowered by the combined force of Hessians and Tarleton's Cavalry, as related in the opening of my address.

Now who were there in that supreme moment, when hope at last took her flight from the hearts of those brave men, and gloom and sadness settled upon the field? Their lines had been broken, the scattered Riflemen were seeking shelter from the sabre, and were hurrying forward to join the retreating army, but there were two heroic men who still lingered behind, firing shot after

shot from their deadly rifles and keeping the foe at bay. They lingered after their comrades had gone and the enemy's dragoons were pressing them from every side; at last, yielding to the stern necessity of fate, they attempted to reach their horses, which were hitched in the rear. The one was successful, with not a moment to spare. He cut his bridle rein loose, mounted his horse, and escaped unharmed. That man was Captain Jesse Franklin, of Winston's Command, afterwards the honored Governor of this State and representing her in the United States Senate. The other was Richard Talliaferro, his brother-in-law, who attempted to untie his bridle rein and by this delay was overtaken and cut down by Tarleton's Dragoons. He sealed his service with his blood, and gave his young life that you and I might be free.

I derive this information in regard to these two chivalrous young volunteer soldiers from a chapter contributed by Judge Graves to the Second Series of Caruthers' Sketches of North Carolina. The account can be implicitly relied upon as coming from an incorruptible and impartial source.

The presence and conduct of these two Surry County Riflemen, which has been so fortunately handed down to us through such a trustworthy channel, fixes, with unerring certainty, the command in which they and their comrades had been fighting during the day. They could not have come to Campbell accidentally at that particular time, because all the balance of the American Army, which had been separated from Campbell since the first onset in the morning, had been compelled to retreat from the field, and only Campbell and his men had been left to face the foe. There were, no doubt, many of the comrades of Winston and Franklin and Talliaferro as brave and loyal as they, and as stubborn

in the fight, who never flinched from duty and who scorned to turn their backs on the enemy until they were surrounded by cavalry and infantry, and outnumbered and overwhelmed by the remaining army of Cornwallis, but the names of these deserving heroes have been lost in the mists and shadows of the century which has succeeded them. The names of those who have survived to us we have gathered with sacred care, and with consecrated hands have placed them upon the granite and the bronze, that they may be imperishably preserved in the history of our State with the motto: "PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT"—let those bear the palm who deserve it.

Let it be understood that the blank which is left upon the bronze tablet will be devoted to the name of any other hero, whose descendants or friends may prove his title to the great honor of having it added to those already there.

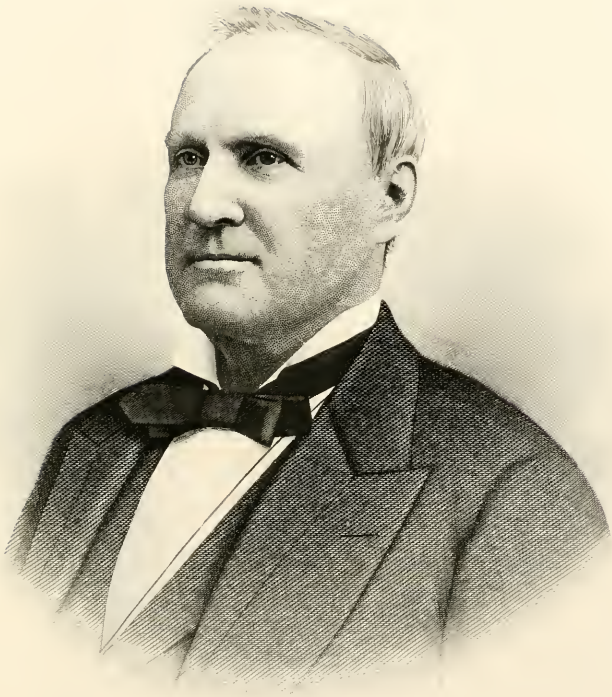
I would be untrue to my knowledge of history and the instincts of a patriotic heart, if I did not solemnly aver in this presence to-day that I believe Major Martin Armstrong, and his command of one hundred Riflemen, were as certainly fighting upon this spot as were Winston and his comrades. The argument that proves the one proves the other. We only lack the demonstration of the names of the members of his command to entitle him to the same honor as that accorded to Winston and his command here to-day.

Among the archives of the Pension Office at Washington I have found an old dusty and decaying file containing the petition of the widow of Salathiel Martin for a pension under the Act of Congress, 1832, which compelled the petitioner to state the services of the soldier upon which the petition for a pension was founded. In these papers was the affidavit of a neighbor

and friend of Salathiel Martin, in which it is stated that Salathiel Martin was a Captain in the Command of Martin Armstrong and fought gallantly at the battle of Guilford Court House. This is the only positive record we have in regard to Martin Armstrong's Command, but, meagre as it is, it places him and his men upon the roll of honor and fixes their participation in the sanguinary scenes of this battle field.

As a citizen of Guilford County, I may be pardoned for adding yet another band of heroes who had joined Campbell on that morning and shared with him in the fortunes of that day, some of whom survived to be honored in the Republic which they founded and perpetuated. Caruthers, in his life of David Caldwell, pages 233 and 234, states "that many Guilford Volunteers were in the battle at the Court House, and that the bravery of two very young men on that day was highly spoken of. These were John Rankin and John Allison. A number were assembled in the morning at the house of Allison's father, mostly females and old men. Allison's house was two miles to the left of Greene's Army, and when the big guns began to fire these young men sprang to their rifles. The females, divining their intention, laid hold of them, and crying and shrieking, bade them not to go, but they freed themselves from the holds of their friends and left to join their companions. *They fell in with Campbell's Mountaineers and fought with them until they retreated*, after which they were fired at by a Company of British Regulars, but escaped unhurt."

Caruthers also relates: "On his first visit to the battle ground he was accompanied by Robert Rankin, whose bravery on the battle field was well attested, and who, although just recovering from the small-pox, went from his home that morning and fell in with Campbell's Mountaineers. After taking him a tree, which he had



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used as a bulwark and from behind which he had fired two or three times even after most of the division had retreated, he observed that just before the retreat commenced, Thomas Cummins passed by him at a dog trot and sat down on a log just beyond and taking out a luncheon of bread began to crunch it, when a ball came whizzing by his head and so close as to brush his hair. He instantly started to his feet and coolly observed that he might as well die fighting as eating, and set off at the same gait to occupy his post again."

We have here, therefore, the names of four Volunteers from Guilford County: Jonn Rankin, John Allison, Robert Rankin and Thomas Cummins, whose names deserve to be placed on the roll of honor as men who began the fight with zeal and courage, who maintained it with stubborn tenacity and who never left the field until forced to do so by overwhelming numbers. Wherever the names of Winston and Franklin and Talliaferro and Martin Armstrong shall be mentioned with honor, there should be added the names of these four young heroes from Guilford County.

I will not weary you, my friends, with further argument—neither my health or strength is sufficient for this occasion; but in my address, when published, I shall add documents and references which will enable you to study the question intelligently, if you desire.

In 1891, in my annual report to the Company, I stated the facts which I have elaborated to-day in a concise form, and recommended that a simple granite boulder from Surry, the home of these heroic men, should be placed here to mark and preserve this sacred spot until some better memorial should succeed it. The Company had no funds, but it had the heart and the will to do them this justice. At the last Legislature, I made an earnest and vigorous effort to induce the men who composed

that body to increase its appropriation to the Guilford Battle Ground Company, that I might consummate the work which has been completed here to-day in the presence of this vast "cloud of witnesses." I asked for five hundred dollars annually. The Bill was favorably reported by the Hon. Jacob Battle and advocated by Senators W. H. Day, John L. King, B. F. Posey and others and passed the Senate by a large majority.

In the House of Representatives the debate for the Bill was led by the Hon. Cyrus B. Watson, of Forsyth, Hon. Jacob Long, of Alamance, General R. B. Vance, of Buncombe, and Hon. M. H. Holt, of Guilford. The Bill was secretly but stoutly resisted and only passed by one vote. When the vote was a tie a colored member from Vance County named Watson came in and Mr. Watson of Forsyth humorously called on "his namesake" to vote.. He voted "aye". Amidst tremendous applause the Bill was passed. Subsequently however a Supplemental Bill was passed suspending its effect for one year. Thus were our hopes again turned to ashes for the present.

In our earnest efforts to obtain this much needed appropriation Governor T. M. Holt, Associate Justice Walter Clark and Professor Kemp P. Battle all addressed the Legislature, most eloquently in our behalf.

While brooding one day over our misfortune, it occurred to me that the statesman, patriot and philanthropist, who stood so nobly by us, had not only been endowed with wisdom and ardent love for his State, but had been blessed with wealth and means, not cast upon him by a freak of fortune, but accumulated by honest industry and conspicuous integrity in business.

I went to Graham and met Governor Holt and laid before him the proposition to erect this Monument himself. He promised to give it a favorable consideration, and uttered in this connection a sentiment which

impressed itself deeply on my heart as manifesting the love he bore his native State.

He said he had been urged to contribute liberally to a Monument which was to be erected at Richmond, Va., but that he preferred to donate his money to raise Monuments on his native soil. He stated further that if we had pursued this policy heretofore the graves of our own heroes would not have been unmarked and neglected.

In a few weeks Governor Holt wrote me that he would furnish the necessary means to mark the consecrated spot on which, in a few minutes, you will see unveiled a Monument that will not only be a pride in this generation, but one that will challenge the admiration of the generations which shall succeed it.

No grander, nobler gift was ever made by any North Carolinian, and the name of Governor Holt, now inscribed in imperishable granite and bronze, shall be blended with those heroic men who, by their valor, have made their names immortal in history.

His far-seeing sagacity, his pure and unselfish magnanimity and his beneficent spirit, has set before the people of North Carolina an example of goodness and greatness which will, in due time, bring forth its fruits in the hearts and minds of our people. No youth or maiden who shall pass this way will ever fail to bless the noble man who rescued from forgetfulness the names of the North Carolina soldiers who were among the very last to leave this field of blood.

And I confidently hope, and sincerely believe, that other North Carolinians, provoked to emulation by the example of Governor Holt, will add other Monuments in memory of those who are worthy of the honor.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that, through my distinguished friend, Governor Holt, I have accomplished

the great purpose of my heart, in the erection of a Monument on these grounds to commemorate the virtue and patriotism of North Carolina soldiers. It is a North Carolina Monument of North Corolina granite, presented by a North Carolinian in honor of North Carolina heroes and soon to be unveiled by four of the fair daughters of this State. It is a North Carolina day for North Carolinians. God has blessed us with the beautiful sunshine, the earth is bedecked with flowers and the kindly fruit is hanging in wonderful abundance upon the trees. Gospel measure "full and running over," has been meted out to us this year, and I hope it is not irreverent, in the presence of these men of God, to say that there involuntarily springs up in my heart a sentiment much akin to that which actuated Simeon of old, when he exclaimed: "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Colonel Martin Armstrong to Colonel William Campbell.*

February 25th,† 1781.

Dear Colonel:

Yesterday I had an express from Colonel Locke's camp; he is at the High Rock Ford on Haw River; General Pickens is near Hillsboro, and by this time considerable strong; General Greene on his march towards the enemy, with a number of Virginia Militia and Regulars; General Butler with the Orange district Militia is below Hillsboro, and by every intelligence the enemy are penned up in that town.

It is generally supposed that a reinforcement is on the

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*Gibbes Doc. History.

†Note.—I think that the date to this letter was erroneously transcribed by Gibbes. It may have been written the 23rd or earlier.

march to the assistance of the British; our people are gathering from all quarters, and the enemy's pickets are constantly harassed by our reconnoitring parties.

The arrival of your troops would add vigor to us and discourage the enemy who, no doubt, have heard of your being on your march towards them.

Pray send back this express as quick as possible.

I shall endeavor to have some meat for you at Bethabara; meal and corn you can have a plenty, but meat is scarce. However I shall try my best.

This day Colonel Preston, I think, will join General Pickens; if any extraordinary news comes to hand before you arrive at Bethabara, I shall let you know by another express.

I am, in haste, Sir,
Your humble servant,
MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

EXTRACT FROM A SKETCH OF JESSE FRANKLIN BY J. F. GRAVES.

I take from Caruthers' Sketches, Series No. 2, pages 204–205, the subjoined extract from a Sketch of Jesse Franklin written by Jesse F. Graves, the present Judge Graves. It describes Franklin's escape from Tarleton's last charge and Talliaferro's death.

"He spent that night at his father's house in the hay-loft, and the next day he set off with a young man named Talliaferro for General Greene's Army.

"They arrived at the army and joined the Volunteers a very short time before the battle of Guilford Court House.

"I have not been able to ascertain under whom he acted at the battle; but under whomsoever he served, he was *among the last to leave the field.*

"He and Talliaferro had taken their horses with them to the army, but on the day of battle they *served with the infantry*, and tied their horses a little off from the field.

"When the retreat commenced they were hotly pursued by a squadron of British horsemen. They got to where their horses were tied, and Talliaferro attempted to untie his but just as he was mounting he was struck down with a sword. Franklin cut his reins and vaulted into his saddle just as a horseman struck so near him that he felt the wind of the sword as it passed his cheeks. He escaped and Talliaferro's horse came along with him.

"He afterwards went back and buried his friend, and brought his gun and cartridge-box to his family. I have been told that the gun and accoutrements are still preserved.

"These are about all the facts I can gather in relation to Jesse Franklin's services in the war, except some few unimportant acts in his partisan warfare against the tories."

This fixes three facts:

(1) That Franklin and Talliaferro were among the last troops who left the field.

(2) That they served with the infantry.

(3) That they were with the troops charged by Tarleton.

These facts demonstrate that they were with Campbell's Infantry, who were the last to leave the field and were dispersed by Tarleton's Cavalry.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, PH. B.

Professor of the History and Philosophy of Education, University of North Carolina.

Mr. Stockard being necessarily detained at home, this fine poem was read for him by Professor A. E. Alderman.

WINSTON'S VOLUNTEERS.

For the Dedication of the Holt Monument, Guilford Battle Ground, July the Fourth, 1893.

This is the ground where patriots bled!
Wide scattered here are Guilford's dead!
Peace! come with slow and reverent tread,
And voices all subdued;—
Break not their long, deep, love-engendered solitude.

Where silence reigns above this field
Once wild the thundering squadrons wheeled;
Earth jarred, and armies swerved and reeled;—
The thrilling bugle-blow
Once called in vain for heroes laid forever low!

They who then, as Gibraltar's rock,
Withstood the direst battle-shock,
And dared in death's bare face to mock,
Were not inured to arms—
Till then, had never known war's awful leaden storms.

But they were men born to be free,
Even though through death's dark gates should be
The path that led to liberty:
Rather that sunless way
Than slavery's galling, strong-forged chain with life for aye!

Yon granite piled where that stern band,—
When veteran's fled,—took their last stand
'Mid thunder-dint, while levin-brand
Fell full upon their breast,—
Enshrines the dust by all the brave revered and blessed!

Meseems I hear that volley's roar,
And see—but now I see no more!—
Lo! through the clouds of smoke they pour,—
Dragoons and Hessian slaves!—
And Winston's level flame rolls back their circling glaives!

But that fierce onset is not stayed!
They front those legions undismayed;
They meet, they mix, blade rings on blade
Till but the dead and *he*
Remain; brave Talliaferro could die but never flee!

'Twas then that hand so red with guilt,
Holding with savage hate its hilt,
Struck last and its own crimson spilt,*
Figuring the iron grasp
Thenceforth relaxing till the tyrant's latest gasp!

Dead is that soul that does not flame
At sight of Guilford's deathless name
And her three children's—heirs of fame!—
By Alamance's child
Graven on that fair memorial to their deed up-piled!

What though for them no more shall break
The long reveille, and they wake
To trumpet's call nor cannon's quake
While with soft pace and slow
Across the world the solemn centuries, stealing go?

They live who die the world to bless,
Though never their sod a footstep press
As they sink in forgetfulness
Out on the world's dark verge,
Oblivion's ocean-moan their only funeral dirge.

They die who live for self, although
Till time is o'er life's paths they know,
And never above their bosoms flow
Lethe's unlearning stream
Long as the Wain circles the North's unfailing beam!

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*This alludes to the fact that Tarleton received a bullet wound on the hand in this charge.

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Thos. M. Wolh

And *they* still live! When that proud stone
Is by the battering years o'erthrown,
And, mingled with *their* dust, is blown
Round earth's unpeopled shore,
They then shall live, and on and on forevermore!

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

July 4th, 1893.

Mr. Morehead then introduced Governor Holt as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is a melancholy fact, known to us all, that within this State there is not one North Carolinian whose form has been moulded in bronze or chiseled in marble. It is my great pleasure to introduce to you now the one patriotic son of North Carolina who has himself erected to her noble Revolutionary Heroes a Monument worthy of their deeds, Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt.

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS M. HOLT, EX-GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I thank you for this demonstration. I am here to-day as an humble citizen of North Carolina. I did not expect to speak on this occasion. I told the distinguished President of this Battle Ground Company that I did not want to make a speech. If I do speak I am frank to say that I do not know where I will commence or where I will end; but I hope you will excuse any egotism on my part when I say that the erection of that Monument is the proudest act of my life. (Deafening applause). I point you to two of the bronze tablets on

that Monument; read the inscriptions thereon. They contain a better speech than I can make you to-day and will last much longer. (Great Applause).

But, my fellow-citizens, why should we not celebrate this Fourth Day of July? I have said before and I say now, that if there are any people on American soil entitled to celebrate the Fourth it is the people of Alamance and Guilford. (Applause).

Your faces are not all familiar to me, my fellow-citizens, but I am not a stranger to you. I feel that I am among my neighbors and friends. Not more than twenty-five miles from here I was born and reared, and I do know something about what has occurred in the past. It was in my native county that this conflict first began and where we stand to-day it virtually ended. Although this was the last of it, yet Cornwallis did not lay down his arms until a few months afterwards, but everybody knows he received his fatal blow on this consecrated spot. (Loud applause).

As I said in a speech before the Legislature, to which my honored friend, Judge Schenck, has alluded, I was taught, when a schoolboy, to read in old Peter Parley's History,

> "At Lexington the conflict arose,
> And Yorktown saw it proudly close,"

not a word of which was true. It rose in Alamance by the resistance of a few brave men to British tyranny and it ended right here. (Loud cheering).

Dr. Battle, of the University, told me—I believe it was last night—that I was a very bold man in my votes, and I am. Whatever I think is right I advocate and whatever I think is wrong I go against, and you must first convince me that I am wrong before I yield my opinion; (applause) and there is one thing in history that I know is wrong, and it is very mortifying to me, my fellow-

citizens. *We have made more history than any State in the American Union and had less of it written.* (Applause). We sent more men to the late war and we did more hard fighting than any State in the Southern Confederacy. While I was in Portsmouth the other day walking along the streets of that city I saw a Monument pointing upward to the sky with this inscription: "To Our Confederate Dead." Where is one in North Carolina? X

o Va.

This Monument, my fellow-citizens, is not a waste of money. What do the inscriptions on it teach us? They teach us what I never knew and exactly the reverse of what I was taught. I learned that our patriotic ancestors retreated in disorder and disgrace from this field, and I tell you the honor is due to Judge Schenck for correcting that error and establishing the truth of history. (Applause). Therefore I say that Monuments are not silent stones. Put appropriate inscriptions upon them and they will educate the people and "bring forth good fruit in their season." I have been Governor of North Carolina, but I tell you I prefer that the generations which succeed us should read that yonder Monument was "Erected by Governor Thomas M. Holt" than to have the Governorship of the State for the remainder of my life. (Great applause). What do we live for? What do patriots live for except to leave a legacy of honor and freedom to their children? A man is insensible to feeling who doesn't appreciate it.

I promised you my friends, that I would not make a speech, but, as Senator Vance says, "When I get started sometimes I get a little rousicated."

I do thank you from my heart for the ovation you have given me to-day.

and there are, I said to be others.

x This is misleading - There are at least six monuments to the "Confederate Dead" in N. C. - some of them very handsome - which the writer has seen - At New Bern

Mr. Morehead said:

The Governor of North Carolina has done us the honor to be present at our celebration. He needs no further introduction than to say he is a true North Carolinian and is in hearty sympathy with our great work.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. ELIAS CARR, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is indeed a pleasure for me to be present with you to-day. Only a short while ago—on a visit to your city of Greensboro, when my friend, Mr. J. M. Morehead here, invited me to visit this sacred ground—we rose early in the morning with the birds and about sunrise approached this consecrated battle field. I must confess to you that while I had read of the Battle of Guilford Court House, perhaps about the first reading I ever did, I knew nothing about it. Mr. Morehead and Judge Schenck took me over these grounds and Judge Schenck was kind enough to present me with a copy of his work, since which time, my friends, I have been deeply interested in this place, and I assure you that it gives me great pleasure to be with you here to-day on this interesting occasion, but I do not propose to make a speech; I did not come here for that purpose. I know that the programme is completely full, but I do want to pay a slight tribute to this Guilford Battle Ground Company.

No one who looks back over the history of the great Revolutionary struggle, can but conclude that where patriotism is the dominant spirit of a race, war, pestilence, and tyrants do but inspire that people to great and heroic deeds. And that the memory of these is destined, in after years, to bear wholesome fruit is here manifested in the restoration of this battle field of Guilford Court

HON. ELIAS CARR.

Governor of North Carolina.

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House and the unveiling to-day of an appropriate work of art, the gift of a patriotic son, Ex-Governor Thomas M. Holt.

The battle of Guilford Court House was second in importance to none fought during the bloody war of Independence, and had the results been less disastrous to British arms, Cornwallis might have never known his Yorktown. Yet despite this truth, and in face of the fact that the noble deeds of her sons have been ascribed to others, and that other States have claimed her heroes, North Carolina, until a few years ago, had made but a feeble effort to restore her good name and to immortalize the memory of those of her children whose deeds shed as much lustre as those of a Marathon or a Sebastopol.

To vindicate the honor of her soldiers, by giving publicity to the facts as contained in the war records, in the correspondence of the participants, and by amending and correcting the generally accepted account of the various battles, was the motive that prompted Hon. David Schenck to write his History of North Carolina 1780 to 1781. Under such circumstances a reader can pardon a certain amount of passion and vehemence of language, but it must be a source of consolation to every son of the State, that the author does not in a single instance, allow his feelings to influence his judgment. On the contrary, with a clearness and forcibleness of expression, truly admirable, he tells the story of the sufferings and fortitude of the North Carolina patriots; and with clear and sound reasoning he establishes the fact, that not only on the field of Guilford Court House did the Militia obey orders, but that at Camden, Cowpens and King's Mountain, they were soldiers of whom the great Frederic might well have been proud.

No man as he looks around to-day can fail to be impressed by the scene which is here unfolded. Trans-

formation, metamorphosis is the order of the day. I am reminded that only a few years ago waste and wilderness here held sway, but a new spirit seems now infused, not only in the old battle ground, but in the people at large, a spirit of patriotism, a disposition to write our history for posterity, the revival of which, I think, we are indebted in a large measure, to the author of the work in question.

I am reminded also of the almost incredible amount of labor of which a single man is capable, when the heart and indomitable energy co-operate, as in the case of the President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company. And finally that we owe him a debt of gratitude which will be exceedingly difficult to discharge, for of the lofty courage, the undaunted spirit, and unwavering patriotism of the Revolutionary sons of North Carolina, he has given us an account so reasonable, so readable, that probably the most fitting reference one could make to it is, "Happy are that people who have a noble history and read it."

Mr. Morehead arising said:

I present to this vast audience the young Chief Justice of North Carolina, whose wisdom and learning far outstrip his years, Chief Justice James E. Shepherd.

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES E. SHEPHERD, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

I am very happy, my fellow-citizens, to be here to-day and to unite with you in the celebration of the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence. I did not come, however, for the purpose of making an address, but simply to attest, by my presence, my profound appreciation of the liberality of our distinguished Ex-Governor Holt, and of the unselfish devotion of our noble friend, Judge Schenck, who for years has lent his best energies

HON. JAMES E. SHEPHERD.

Chief Justice of North Carolina.

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and all the powers of his intellect to the vindication of North Carolina history and North Carolina gallantry.

If I were making a pilgrimage throughout this broad and beautiful land, searching for some sacred spot, some glorious shrine, upon which to make an offering to the Goddess of Patriotism, I would have need to go no further than the historic battle field of Guilford Court House. But, in the midst of these inspiring scenes, let us not be unmindful of the duties that have been devolved upon us by our Revolutionary fathers. They, by their blood and treasure, purchased for us the inestimable blessings of liberty, and it is our sacred duty, a duty to them, a duty to ourselves and to our posterity, to preserve this liberty and to realize out of it that long hoped for ideal of mankind, a perfect and lasting Republican Government.

The crowned heads of Europe are watching our grand experiment with jealousy and fear and the down-trodden and oppressed throughout the whole world are looking with anxious hope at the result. Already the alarm has been sounded and we are reminded of the dangers that everywhere beset us. The growth of population, the infusion of a large foreign element, the wonderful development of our resources, the tremendous activity of commercial and industrial agencies, their conflicting character, the battle between labor and capital, all of these, involving as they do grave political and economic questions, are sufficient to excite our solicitude and demand the exercise of our highest energies. They should teach us to guard with vigilance the narrow line that lies between Republican Government and Anarchy and Socialism on the one hand and the despotism of Aristocracy on the other. But how is this to be done? How are we to preserve our great Republic? Not simply by patriotic sentiment alone; not simply by celebrating

the anniversaries of deeds done by our fathers. They are sufficient to inspire us with a love for these principles, but they are not sufficient to enable us to preserve and perpetuate them. The ancient Athenians were patriotic, but their Republic ended in a failure. The Romans were patriotic, but their Republic sank into the arms of a despotism. No purer, higher aspirations ever actuated the people of any land than that of the French people in 1793, but their Republic—their lofty dream—ended in anarchy and despotism because they were unacquainted with the principles of self government, and their liberty degenerated into license and ended in a colossal tragedy. But we, my friends, inheriting as we do the splendid conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon race and unfettered by the customs and traditions of an older country, have far greater advantages; and I am not willing to believe that this last great effort to demonstrate the capacity of man for self government is to end in ruin and disaster, and that the hope of the millions of down-trodden and oppressed throughout the world is to be extinguished forever. How is the danger to be averted and how are our institutions to be preserved? I answer the question and say that this can only be done by maintaining a liberal system of public education. Republican government with us is founded upon the idea that the people are the rulers, and if these rulers are ignorant of the principles of government and are susceptible of being imposed upon by the political charlatan, there can be no hope of maintaining our institutions. It is therefore a matter of self preservation that such a government should afford educational facilities to the people and that the youth of the land should, among other things, be taught at least the elementary principles of government. This must be done in order that they may better understand the peculiar features of our own institutions, and

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George T. Winston, LL. D.

President of the University of North Carolina.

that they may be prepared to weigh propositions, detect fallacies and come to a rational conclusion of what is the best means of preserving the blessings of liberty for which our forefathers fought upon this and other bloody fields of the revolution. I have said far more than I intended to say, but I repeat that if this ideal government of mankind is to be fully developed and preserved, it can only be accomplished through the moral and political education of the people.

There can be no nobler cause, no higher or holier ambition. It lifts our aspirations to the highest plane of moral elevation and inspires all that is divine within our natures.

Let us then, fellow citizens, when we leave this historic spot, resolve to devote all the resources of our minds and hearts to the perpetuation of our Republic, and when we have succeeded in vindicating the capacity of man for self government, we will have furnished a light and a hope to all nations to guide them in the ways of peace, justice and harmony, and we may look forward with confidence to the time when armies will be disbanded, when the "war-drum" will throb no longer, "and the battle-flags be furled in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Mr. Morehead then introduced the distinguished President of the University of North Carolina, who was received with great applause.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE T. WINSTON, LL. D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The character of North Carolina was clearly seen in the battle of Guilford. The first shock of that battle was borne by her sturdy Militia; the last charge was made by her splendid Volunteers.

For nearly a century others have claimed the glories of this immortal day, and the voice of calumny has whispered slanders upon the silent graves of our silent heroes. But the truth is at last revealed. The President of this Company, by written records, by oral testimony and by local tradition, with the zeal of a patriot and the instinct of an artist, has brought before us the scenes of that day and repainted the battle of Guilford.

Behold in front our rude Militia facing for the first time a gleaming column of British bayonets. On, on they come with steady march and unbroken line. The Militia stand to their posts, with rifles aiming through the fence. Their orders are to fire twice and then retreat. The British are almost upon them. A flash of fire bursts through the fence; and the crack of rifles echoes along the line. The Militia might now give place to better armed and more experienced soldiers. But many cling to the spot, and resolutely load their clumsy rifles, almost within touch of the enemy. It is folly and madness to stay longer. The British veterans hold the field. The Continental Army is swept away. Amid shouts of triumph Cornwallis is tasting the fruits of victory, but even upon his lips they turn to ashes of sorrow. In front of his victorious army hangs a body of men who will not surrender. It is Joseph Winston with his gallant Volunteers. Slowly retreating from tree to tree they hurl back the challenge of death in the face of victory. The glad woods are shouting to the music of their rifles. The sad victors are marching to the dance of death. Well might the Earl of Chatham exclaim: "One more such victory will ruin the British Army." It was a victory whose logical sequence was the surrender at Yorktown and the freedom of America.

There are moments in human history when time pauses in her flight and hovers doubtful which way to turn, until

human courage and human genius direct her course. Such a moment was the battle of Guilford. As the recording angel looked down upon the deeds of that day and inscribed upon the eternal scroll the merits of the actors in that bloody fight, she wrote of the North Carolina soldiers, "they were foremost in the line of battle and hindmost in retreat."

But the character of North Carolina needs not to be studied on fields of battle. It shines forth with clear and steady brilliance in all the history of her people. The colorless beams of the noon-day sun, as they pour down from the blue vault of heaven upon field and forest are more beautiful and more powerful than the dazzling splendors of the Northern Aurora. The tiny dew drop proclaims the majesty of God no less than the thundering cataract. The silent force of gravity hath power to hush the whirlwind and calm the earthquake. As the steady forces of nature are grander than her outbursts of energy, so the character of North Carolina is greater than the heroism of Guilford. It needs not the loving labors of a Schenck nor the patriotic munificence of a Holt to acquit her soldiers of cowardice. The record of a century overwhelms the slanders of a day. The blood upon a hundred battle fields blushes to shame the thought.

Where was ever a people quicker or bolder in resisting oppression? One hundred years before the union of the Colonies they drove from their borders their British Governors. They defied the royal authority, and remained for years under no government save that of local leaders. The first blood of the Revolution was shed in North Carolina. The clash of arms resounded upon the field of Alamance four years before Bunker Hill. Twelve months before the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia the men of Mecklenburg

absolved themselves from British allegiance and plighted to the cause of liberty their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. No wonder the Colony was characterized as turbulent and lawless. Beneath their turbulence was a love of peace and a spirit of obedience to rightful authority.

"Are there any," says Bancroft, "who doubt man's capacity for self government, let them study the history of North Carolina; its inhabitants were restless and turbulent in their imperfect submission to a government imposed on them from abroad; the administration of the Colony was firm, humane and tranquil, when they were left to take care of themselves."

North Carolina has always been quick to fight for liberty and slow to yield it. She hesitated to adopt the Federal Constitution for fear of surrendering the liberties which she had wrung in blood from the grasp of colonial despots. She demanded of the new Republic those safeguards which the experience of a century has shown to be necessary for the preservation of liberty. She would not enter the sisterhood of States unless the foundations of the national temple should rest upon the bedrock of personal liberty and local self government.

But she has not guarded liberty with selfish zeal. Her blood has flowed in defence of others.

The dust of her soldiers sleeps in the soil of her sister States. The resurrection trump will form their ranks again. From King's Mountain and Guilford, from New Orleans and Chapultepec, from Gettysburg and the Wilderness will rise arms that yielded only in death, and hearts that never beat with fear. There will assemble, too, that faithful band which endured the horrors of Reconstruction and yielded not the jewel of liberty; that faithful band whose silent but stern defiance was mightier than the weight of bullets or the edge of steel.

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HON. ROBERT P. DICK.

Judge of the U. S District Court.

The character of North Carolina is deep written in the lives of her sons. Other States are eminent for commerce and manufactures, for science and literature, for wealth and art; North Carolina is eminent for love of liberty. Let others inscribe what they like upon the book of our national life; North Carolina has already inscribed, "Unyielding resistence to unjust authority."

Judge Dick was sick on the day of the celebration and the audience was deprived of the pleasure which they expected of listening to his address

Everything emanating from Judge Dick is always read with interest.

ADDRESS OF HON. R. P. DICK, LL. D., JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

There are certain days in every year that have associations and memories that are suggestive of peculiar thoughts and emotions.

Some of our national holidays have elements of holiness as they recall memories of divine blessings and associations. The Fourth Day of July, 1776, was the birthday of our Great Republic. Our patriotic forefathers before that time had been under separate Colonial Governments, in some degree dependent on the Crown of Great Britain, but on that memorable day they announced to mankind in positive terms, in systematized form, the just and fundamental truths and principles of equality, justice, freedom and human rights. The American Declaration of Independence was the Magna Charta of a new age in the progress of humanity—it was

the vital breath that God breathed into a brave and united people, and they became an enlightened nation of freemen, and entered upon their manifest destiny of ennobling, emancipating and evangelizing the world.

This birthday of our nation should be annually observed both as a galaday and a holyday. The momentous event which it commemorates was achieved by grand and noble men under the prompting, direction and guidance of the Infinite Ruler of the Universe, and its principles and influences have been ever advancing in progress and widening in beneficences. I firmly believe that the Fourth Day of July, 1776, was to all mankind a birthday of well organized human equality, justice and freedom, and its manifold blessings will be realized by all the races of mankind in the coming ages in every continent and in the island empires of the ocean. The emancipation and evangelization of the whole human race is now not only a possibility, but an almost assured probability.

The divine light of our Christian civilization and freedom in the splendor and beneficence of this progress seems to be illuminating the glorious certitudes of the future.

We who are here present are peculiarly fortunate in the celebration of this day, on this locality, consecrated by the heroism and the blood of our noble forefathers, and where were done the decisive deeds that insured our National Independence and freedom. This field of fame and the sacred graves of the heroic dead are priceless heritages belonging to the whole nation; but we are the local guardians and specially entrusted custodians. Upon us rest honorable and sacred responsibilities and duties which we should recognize, assume and faithfully perform. Many of the old trees are still here that were in vigorous prime when their leafless twigs quivered in

the March winds of 1781 and felt the shock of the battle and the cannon's roar. Here are the same fields, valleys and hills where the valiant combatants struggled in the deadly conflict. Here too are the springs whose flowing waters were once crimsoned with patriotic blood; and they bore their holy libation on their murmuring currents as they followed Cornwallis and his army on their retreating march toward the sea, and then onward went to mingle their precious tributes with the ocean billows that encircle the globe. Castalia and Hippocrene were fountains of poetic inspiration to the imaginative, patriotic and heroic Greeks, and why should not Clyde, Leonidas and Winston Springs—as their limpid and refreshing waters flow on forever—awaken and keep alive in us and in our posterity sacred memories and patriotic affections that will ever be fervent in their glow?

Why should not the battle field of Guilford Court House be regarded as "haunted and holy ground" since it was once consecated by the life blood of the noble and brave who died in the heroic struggle for home, country and human rights? Why should not this arena of glorious achievements and this Cemetery of the heroic dead be made handsome and attractive by the taste and industry of careful culture and loving care and by the generosity of our enlightened, patriotic and grateful people, enjoying in rich abundance the blessings that here were won, and thus be a truthful memorial witness to posterity that we were worthy descendants of our noble forefathers and make after generations proud to claim us as their justly venerated sires?

Why should not this important battle field have its deserved place on the pages of history, and be prominently ranked with the other memorable battle fields of freedom whose historic names have thrilled the yearning and longing hearts of oppressed humanity in every age,

and often inspired heroes with hope, strength, endurance and courage as they struggled to obtain and secure their God-given birthright of equality, justice and liberty which had long been cruelly usurped and withheld by the bloody hands and oppressive power of tyrants and despots? In the progressive development of the cause of human freedom the names of some of its great battle fields may be thus truthfully classified and associated: Marathon and Thermopylæ, Morganten and Sempach, Stirling and Bannockburn, Marston Moor and Naseby, Bunker Hill and Saratoga, Guilford Court House and its consequent Yorktown. Here on this hallowed place was struck the decisive blow that inevitably resulted in freedom from Colonial dependence and British rule.

No enlightened English statesman or general ever entertained hopes of the subjugation of the American States after the battle of Guilford Court House and the retreating march of Cornwallis. Subsequent battles were only the spasmodic efforts of humbled national pride and dying domination, and were solely prompted by the irritated feelings of a feeble and bigoted king and his servile ministry. Had the fruitless victory of Cornwallis been a substantial triumph that would have encouraged him to move on to Richmond, the Independence of the American States would have been postponed many disastrous years but our heroic fathers, after many sufferings, would have achieved their freedom. Their dauntless and indomitable spirit was truly exhibited and expressed by Washington when in days of darkness, trial and disaster he said, "Strip me of the wretched and suffering remnant of my soldiers; take from me all I have left—leave me but a standard—give me but the means of planting it upon the mountains of West Augusta, and I will yet draw around me the men who will lift up their wronged and bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

I feel sure that all persons engaged here to-day in honoring the memories of our patriot fathers by remembering and proclaiming their virtues and heroism, must necessarily have the best thoughts and emotions of their natures vividly awakened, and I am confident that we will all return to our homes with more kind, sympathetic and generous feelings towards each other.

This vast assembly by their presence have honored themselves and all the members of the Battle Ground Company who under the diligent efforts and constant superintendence of their efficient and worthy President have prepared these handsome grounds and afforded so many means and opportunities of rational enjoyment and recreation.

They have greatly honored Judge Schenck who with arduous research, graphic pen and eloquent voice has evoked, recorded and proclaimed the truth of history after the most oblivious silence of a century, and vindicated the names and just fame of the patriotic men who as inexperienced and untrained Volunteer soldiers, faithfully did their duties and obeyed the express orders of their great commander, in the foremost line, confronted by the best disciplined troops then in the world, veterans of many victories, moving forward in "battle's magnificently stern array." We have all greeted with grateful welcome the distinguished men who with eloquent voices and genial intercourse have contributed so much to our pride and pleasure on this occasion. With assurances of high appreciation we return sincere thanks to the noble and generous men and women who have erected Monuments and Memorials here or who have otherwise given assistance and encouragement to the Guilford Battle Ground Company in performing the labor of love that has made this Park so beautiful and this celebration so successful, ennobling and enjoyable. We delight to

honor Governor Thomas M. Holt, who with munificent liberality has erected the appropriate, costly and handsome Monument soon to be unveiled before us by the hands of lovely girls—representatives of youth, beauty, purity, truth, patriotism and home. His wise, just, impartial and beneficent administration of the office of Chief Executive of our State will have an eminent place in our civil and political annals, but his name inscribed on this Monument as donor will ever be his highest honor as it will associate him for all time with the heroic men and deeds that conferred immortal glory on the battle of Guilford Court House.

I know that you will all cordially join me in the hope and desire that celebrations like this may annually occur in the future, and that from year to year the influences and blessings of American freedom and Christian civilization may be increased and expanded, may be preserved to us and be perpetuated to our posterity and may be extended over the whole world to the coming generations of all races until there shall no longer be seen deeds of violence, oppression and wrong, and no longer be heard the cries of suffering, misery, servitude and cruel strife and war, and there shall prevail in all the realms and climes of earth, among men and nations, the truths, principles and blessings of universal freedom, justice, peace and Christian charity.

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RIGHT REV. JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR., D. D.

Bishop of North Carolina.

ADDRESS OF RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH B. CHESHIRE, D. D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Bishop Cheshire, being loudly called, responded as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It affords me great pleasure to be present on this occasion and to take part in these interesting proceedings.

I am present, not only out of respect to the National Holiday and the unveiling of the Monument erected by the patriotism of our late Governor, but also to honor a man whose generosity has made him the champion of the unknown dead, and who has spent not only money but the energies and resources of his very life in vindicating the reputation of our State. I have felt myself stirred to a more earnest love of my country as I listened to the eloquent words of Judge Schenck and saw how his heart throbbed and his eye kindled with ardor in behalf of those who for a hundred years had found no friend or advocate among us all.

Before I entered upon the duties of my present calling, I had devoted some time and attention to the early history of our State and our people. And since undertaking the sacred and exacting duties of a minister of the Gospel, I have not felt that my time and energies have been misapplied in pursuing the same subject and devoting some part of my time to the religious and secular history of the Province and State of North Carolina. I do not herein forget that it is my business to make my labors all tend toward the learning and the teaching of God's Word; but I believe that God still speaks and should be heard and seen in the events

of Providence and in the development of the world's history.

We read in the historical books of the Bible how God dealt with His people, and the history of their wars and conquests and defeats and captivities is a part of this revelation of Himself to us. Besides the miraculous element there is this element of Providential teaching in the ordinary course of personal, social and national experience. The question is: Have the ways of God with man changed or is He still present among men; and do the great events of national and international history, no less than the small things of personal experience, manifest His power and goodness? Much of the Bible has been written in vain unless we learn from it that no events of history are without His Providential ordering and that we must see Him as surely in the midst and giving to the cause of truth and justice the real and final victory, as when David heard the sound of "a song" in the tops of the mulberry trees, and in that assurance went forward to the conquest of his enemies.

In that great struggle, one event of which we to-day commemorate; in the subsequent history of our civil and political development and progress; in all the affairs of our country, as well as in the private experience of our individual lives, God is with us; and it is the part of Christians to seek to know Him in all His ways and to thank Him for all His deliverances, disasters, trials and triumphs.

The men who asserted the cause of human rights and national Independence one hundred years ago, believed that they were fighting for God's truth; and we thank God this day for their courage, patriotism, faith and success.

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Walter Clark

Mr. Morehead said:

A distinguished member of the Supreme Court of North Carolina honors us a second time with his presence. I introduce to you the Hon. Walter Clark, of Raleigh.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. WALTER CLARK, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

My Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

When the Israelites of old had crossed the river Jordan you remember that they erected twelve pillars of stone. These were to serve as mementoes that, though thereafter living on both sides of that river, they should remain one people forever; that since as one nation together they had struggled up to freedom through the terrible passage of the wilderness, and as an united people they had overthrown the heathen and conquered their homes in the Promised Land, that thenceforth on either bank of that stream they should forever remain as brethren in peace and amity. Between us and our friends of the North there is a chasm as deep, as ineffaceable and as historic as the river Jordan was to the Hebrews of old, and through it there roll waves of memory as sacred to us as the waters of their sacred river were to them. But Guilford Court House and such fields as this will ever be reminders to us more durable and more lasting than monumental marble, that though living on either side of that chasm yet we are brethren. We are brethren in the glorious memories of the struggle of the great Revolution. We are brethren in the common memory of an hundred years of peace and

progress, and we are brethren in the common hope of a long enduring future of peace and happiness and prosperity for us and our children.

But, my friends, as the Hebrews of old would not have diminished by a single drop the waters of their sacred river, so we will not dim the effulgence of a single ray of the glorious memories associated with the eventful years of the great struggle of 1861–'65.

This hallowed spot is also a stern reminder to us of the fact that our liberties and our institutions and our government were not given to us by those in power. They were not handed down to us as Charters from princes and kings, but the masses—the people—the great common people, determined that they would take charge of this government and administer it in the interest of all the people, and that resolution they made good by their own good right arms and by their best blood on this and other fields.

But, my friends, they did not peril their lives, they did not go down to dusty death, in order that accumulations of capital should be substituted in the place of princes and kings in the government of this people. We have forgotten and forgiven those who sided with the enemy in our struggle for liberty in 1776, but we cannot forget and we will never forgive the men who shall endeavor to pervert this government from its original purpose, and seek to confiscate in the interest of a class those benefits that were bought with the blood of the brave for the good of all mankind.

As long as the memories of this field shall remain and as long as there shall abide a single grain of the soil struggled over by the heroes of '76 on this and other battle fields, may there rest in your hearts and mine and in the hearts of our children for all time a stern determination

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Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D.

Professor of History in the University of North Carolina.

that this government shall be administered by all the people, for the benefit of the whole people, without respect to section or class.

Mr. Morehead gracefully said:

Accepting it as true that the noblest study of mankind is man, and that there is no light for the future but the lamp of experience, the historian naturally stands in the front ranks of the interesting and useful of earth. We wish to hear from Chapel Hill's distinguished Professor of History, the Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D.

ADDRESS OF HON. KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I hoped to be able to attend this most interesting celebration without being called on for even a short speech. I came to show my appreciation of, and gratitude for, the unselfish labors of the President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company (Ex-Judge Schenck) in elucidating our past history, and of the generosity of Ex-Governor Holt in erecting this handsome Monument to Revolutionary Heroes. I wished particularly to do honor to those two great men, Joseph Winston and Jesse Franklin, because, in 1789, when the General Assembly inaugurated the Institution for which I have been laboring so long, they were selected among its earliest Trustees. And I am proud to call attention to the fact that the present very able President of the University is a relative

of Joseph Winston, and that the learned Judge Jesse Franklin Graves, a Trustee and patron of the University, is a grandson of Governor Jesse Franklin.

We now see that the opprobium cast by careless writers on our countrymen was, as a rule, undeserved. From childhood I was taught that our Militia on these grounds behaved with shameless poltroonery. There was the picture in my mind of long rows of rifles, loaded and cocked, hair-triggers all sprung, left sticking through the rail fence on the declivity of yonder hill, while the North Carolina Militia, the owners of those rifles, ran frantically, not only to the rear, but to their distant homes. There was a story of an Edgecombe man so desperately frightened that in endeavoring to mount a loose horse standing in his way he leaped entirely over his back, and without turning ran at full speed Eastward, and next morning, footsore and breathless, ate his frugal breakfast on the banks of the Tar. If he had performed this exploit in our day he would doubtless have received from Commissioner Raum a pension of twenty-five dollars a month as a broken-winded man. He did not shed his blood, but he poured out his breath in the cause of his country.

These old legendary falsehoods, along with many others about our ancesters, have been dispelled, and our children can be taught to be proud of their achievements.

I must say a few words in recognition of the deeds and services of the women of the Revolution. The men have had their full dues from the speakers who have preceded me. Without the unselfish sacrifices and labors of the women, their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons could not have won our freedom. They assisted in providing food and clothing and in moulding the bullets for them. They cared for the sick and wounded,

furnished information of hostile movements, aye, and often with manlike bravery defended their homes from tories and robbers.

I could give many instances of individual heroism, but I have only time for two or three. Elizabeth, wife of the gallant Colonel Arthur Forbis, and his sister, Mrs. Mary (or Molly) Morgan, were particularly eminent in all good works. And then there was Mrs. Martha Bell, born a MacFarlane, who lived on Deep River a few miles South of us. Her husband was with General Greene when Cornwallis, with his crippled army, camped on her plantation, on which was a valuable mill. Making her house his headquarters, the British General was courteous enough to ask if she had any objection to his appropriating her mill for grinding corn for his soldiers.

She said: "General, will you burn my mill after you have finished the grinding?"

"No, Madame," said he, "I assure you of its safety."

"Well, Sir, you can have it. But if you had not given me your word for its protection, I would certainly have applied the torch with my own hands this very night."

She used to relate that Cornwallis, although the day was raw and gusty, insisted on opening the door looking to the North and often gazing anxiously up the road. She asked him the reason for his strange conduct. His reply was "I am listening for any sounds of General Greene following me. Madame, I never saw such fighting since God made me."

As nearly all the physicians of the State were engaged in the military service, Mrs. Bell, like many other good women of the old time, became peculiarly skilled in the healing art. Far and near, by day and by night, she journeyed for the purpose of ministering to suffering

humanity. Once while riding through a lonely forest a thieving tory leaped into the road and seizing her bridle rein demanded her horse and other valuables. Instantly drawing one of the two pistols which she always carried in her nocturnal journeys, she captured the would be robber, and marched him to the nearest Whig force, and delivered him up for punishment.

While keeping in perpetual remembrance the great leader, Greene, who commanded the American forces on this hard fought field, let us not forget the services to the world, and especially to our Southland, rendered by his wife. After our Independence had been gained, she and her husband lived in Georgia on a beautiful and valuable plantation given to the General by the State. After his death a young man from Connecticut came to the neighborhood of Mrs. Greene to take charge of a school. Finding that the place was filled, he was invited by Mrs. Greene to make her house his home while he engaged in the study of the law. Grateful for her kindness, the stranger endeavored to repay it by aiding in repairs of the agricultural implements on the plantation, showing a marvelous mechanical genius and skill. British inventors had greatly perfected the machinery for spinning and weaving cotton, but the want of the raw material was the obstacle in the way of its full development. The separation of lint from the seed was slowly and blunderingly performed by a machine composed of two wooden rollers like that we used during the Civil War for squeezing the juice out of the sorghum cane. A cleaner but slower process was by the fingers of the slaves and members of the family. It was the rule that none of the whites should be allowed to seek repose until they had filled one of their shoes with seed. This rule, I conjecture, led naturally to the cultivation by the females of small feet, in order that their tasks might be

shortened, so that it may be safely concluded that a modern belle who is the possessor of entrancingly minute pedal extremities is a lineal descendant of the old cotton planters.

A number of Southern gentlemen, dining at Mrs. Greene's hospitable mansion, were deploring their inability to furnish cotton lint to the manufacturers as fast as needed. The hostess declared that her guest, the young New Englander, could invent a machine for the purpose. They all urged him to make the trial. He agreed to do so, Mrs. Greene furnishing him a room where he could experiment unobserved on the puzzling problem. In a few months this young man, by the invention of the sawgin, was transformed from an obscure school teacher into the world famous Whitney. His invention, by furnishing the raw material for the machines of Hargreaves and Arkwright, Cartwright and Crompton, brought such wealth to Great Britain as enabled her to save Europe from the grasp of the despot, Napoleon, and gave to our Southland the command of the greatest money crops of the world.

Ladies and gentlemen, I could go on for hours detailing the virtues of the women of the Revolution, but the hour is late and other speakers must be heard. I trust that I have said enough to induce you, when gratefully acknowledging our indebtedness to our forefathers for their prowess in that trying conflict, to find a place in your hearts for our foremothers also.

Mr. Morehead said:

I have purposly reserved one distinguished name for the last. I have the honor of introducing to you Judge Jesse Franklin Graves, the noble grandson of a noble grandsire.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JESSE FRANKLIN GRAVES.

My Fellow-Citizens:

I do not come before you as most of the gentlemen who have preceded me; I come before you as one who has believed from childhood that the North Carolina Volunteer Militia stood their ground and fought bravely on this bloody battle field. From my mother's lips I have heard the story told; from the lips of the only sister of that gallant Talliaferro, whose name is inscribed upon your Monument, I have listened to the tale; from the lips of her husband, Shadrach Franklin, I have heard of how the Minute Men of Surry stood with Winston and with Campbell and with Armstrong upon the battle field of Guilford Court House. I verily believed it from childhood, but while I have believed it many have doubted it, and I am under great and lasting obligations to the President of this Company, and to all who have aided him, for bringing forth the truth of history and for vindicating the names of our ancestors from the aspersions sought to be cast upon them.

It is fitting, my countrymen, that freemen should gather on the anniversary day of their declared Independence and join in celebrating the occasion, not for mere display, but to inculcate and warm up the sentiment of patriotism, the highest human sentiment; made up of the love of the parent for the child; the love of the home that shelters the happy family; the love of the fruitful

land that sustains us; the love of our altars and the graves of our ancestors; the love of good faith to our fellow-men, united in a common government pledged to the mutual protection of all that is sacred and dear; and for the perpetuation of that liberty of the individual citizen, attained at such fearful cost, and justly esteemed highest of the "inalienable rights" of man.

On the Fourth Day of July, 1776, the thirteen discontented Colonies of England became thirteen Independent States. These, of their own volition, made the United States which has grown to be the grand Republic of Republics; and to-day the citizens in all parts of this Union of States join in celebrating the high resolves of our ancestors, made one hundred and seventeen years ago.

As citizens of North Carolina, we have especial reason to be proud of the fearless patriotism of our forefathers, because they were first to assert independence, at Charlotte, at Edenton, and in that grand and noble convention of the people of the whole State at Halifax, and because they were brave on every battle field from New Jersey to Georgia to maintain the resolves made in council.

The thanks of our own North Carolina people are justly due to the President of this Company for his zeal and ability in vindicating the valor of our ancestors from the aspersions some had sought to cast upon them for their conduct on this field.

I come before you with feelings of peculiar pride; I am proud of North Carolina and all that her sons have done; but I am before you with peculiar pride for the reason that Jesse Franklin, my grandfather, was in the bloody contest on this battle field, and I admit that I am proud to see his name inscribed on the beautiful Monument which is dedicated to the memory of the heroes

who here turned back the proud invaders. An uncle of my father was wounded nigh unto death as Talliaferro fell—Richard Talliaferro, my grandfather's comrade, who was cut down at his side—and I am proud to see his name perpetuated on this noble Memorial.

In my boyhood and youth old Aunt Judith Franklin, the sister of this gallant Richard Talliaferro, used to tell me the story of this great battle as the participant in the fight had told it to her. I cannot give the details of individual acts of heroism; the substance of her statement is this:

"Surry was a big County, extending from Rockingham Westward. There was the same Militia organization as in the other counties, and besides there was a volunteer organization of Whigs called 'Minute Men,' pledged by solemn vows to be ready to go to the front of the fight immediately, whenever called, at their own expense, furnishing their own horses, arms and ammunition. They used rifles; they carried pouch and horn or gourd for ammunition; no baggage wagon; no baggage, except the little each man took for himself. They drew no pay. They had gone with Cleveland on many a foray. Many of them went to King's Mountain.

When Greene made up his mind to fight the British, he sent out his secret messages to these 'Minute Men,' and immediately they got ready. The women folks moulded the bullets. Some went with Winston, who lived in the lower part of the County; some went with Campbell and his men, whom they knew at King's Mountain. Campbell came from his home on the Holston down the Mountain at Flower Gap and marched through the 'Hollow,' and many Whigs joined him as he went to be ready for the fight. Winston was there and some of the Armstrongs, Williams and Cunninghams and Jesse Franklin and Richard Talliaferro. On the day of the

fight they carried their bullets in their mouths—no time for cutting patching then. My poor brother was killed by the British Dragoons, who came riding them down with their great swords. The men of Surry went to fight—and they did. They did not shoot for nothing."

The account which comes from my mother is much the same.

Richard Talliaferro was of a Virginia family still prominent in that State. Shadrach C. Franklin, Dr. Thompson and others of his family are reputable citizens of Surry County to-day. Some have gone to Tennessee, some to Alabama and some to Missouri, and have made and maintained fair reputations in their adopted States.

I hope I may be pardoned for a brief reference to the brave Talliaferro's comrade in this battle. Jesse Franklin's mother was a sister of the noted Whig leader, Benjamin Cleveland, and the brave old Colonel put great confidence in his nephew, and placed him in many positions where his courage and discretion were severely taxed. He always came up to his uncle's high expectations.

After the War for Independence was over, Jesse Franklin, at the age of twenty-five, became a member of the Legislature from Surry first and afterwards from Wilkes. About 1794 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the Federal Congress. In 1798 he was elected United States Senator and was re-elected about 1804. He was President *pro tem.* of the Senate in 1804–1805.

He was an ardent Republican at that day and a warm supporter of Jefferson during his administration. He was a close and intimate friend of Nathaniel Macon, and shared with him a love of simplicity in life and a contempt for show. He would never have his portrait made,

saying if a man's deeds did not preserve his memory, a poor picture would be soon forgotten and thrown away.

After his terms in the Senate expired he held many important places in the general government. About 1820 he was elected Governor of the State and served one year. His health failed and he declined a re-election and retired to the quiet of his home on the beautiful little valley at the head of Fishers river, where he spent the remnant of his life with his family. He died in 1824, aged sixty-four years.

He was a grave, quiet, thoughtful man, quick to comprehend, prompt to conclude and ready to act. Not highly educated in the sense of the school man he was well informed in ancient and modern history, the science and philosophy of his day, and all the affairs of government, State and National.

He left three sons and five daughters. His descendants are numerous, some in North Carolina, some in Tennessee and some in Mississippi. Many of them fell in the Confederate armies.

We of the present day have endeavored to discharge our trust, and before very long we will leave to younger men the preservation of the heritage of freedom which has come down to us.

Dangers have been passed, but there are dangers ahead. The Government was intended for the benefit of the people. Monopolies, class legislation, tending to build up powerful corporations and aggregating vast wealth in the hands of the few, threaten on the one hand. The surrender of the individual man, the craven spirit that would pray for help at the hand of the creature, the Government which our forefathers made and which we support and maintain, and a disposition to surrender

individual will, individual thought and individual action to the directions of intriguing cabals, in societies with spacious names, are dangers on the other hand.

The only safety to our liberty regulated by law is the warm, firm, unflinching patriotism which intelligently looks for the right, determined to do it.

Be men; be freemen; self reliant, independent freemen, proud of that sovereignty which we leave with you.

CHAPTER III.

POEMS.

This beautiful poem was read by Miss Alice Jones, a talented young elocutionist, of Greensboro, North Carolina, May 4, 1889.

HUNTER HIRAM AT GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

Here rolls the field of Guilford's dead,
Here Britain's sons, to battle bred
By Solway, Thames and Shannon,
Were taught the sting of Hiram's lead,
And Hiram learned of cannon.
Here came our hunter Hiram rude
To front the dam of war, whose brood
Was drum-tapped from her couching,
To learn the mother's hungry mood
The lion's thirsty crouching.
Here hearts beat wild, or ceased to beat,
Here men lay down beneath the feet
Of battle goaded horses;
While heel and point the sabres meet
Above their pallid corses.
Here, shot and barred and lit of fire,
The tawny war-cloud, rolling dire,
Was reft and rocked of thunder,
While Hesse struck for England's hire
And Hiram fought in wonder.

Two rounds! 'Tis done! Shame Clio, shame
To mar the humble, simple fame
Won by our hunter yeoman,
Whose twice lit tongue of bolted flame
Blazed full upon his foeman.

First picket of the nation, lone,
Thy woodman's home an outpost thrown
Beyond the peaceful border;
For you no star but God's e'er shone,
To you no crested order
Its ribbon gave. Brave, rugged heart
The ambushed foe, the arrow's smart,
The beast with fangs, the savage
With stealthy tread and wily art,
The wild foray, its ravage,
These name thee picket, *soldier*, KNIGHT
And first lance of the wilds, whose might
Was melted from the ladle;
Detailed at morn, at noon at night
Enlisted from the cradle.

Yet, fielded blue, our statehoods star,
O'er Union stripe or Southern bar,
Or wind waved, or depending,
Where'er afloat from staff and spar,
Where'er the world is bending,
Is broidered gold by fire annealed
And shaken free, has e'er revealed
The threads of lone King's Mountain,
Of Cowpen's plain and Guilford's field
Spread wide around her fountain.
Aye, white as flies the billows foam
And free as heaves the green waves comb
A thirteenth stripe is flowing:
Thy ribbon 'tis, abroad, at home
Where'er the sun is glowing.

Ah, silent as the forests' gnome,
No more thy restless footsteps roam
Through woodland brake and thicket
Thyself and shot have both struck home
And peace relieves the picket.

Salisbury, N. C. J. W. RUMPLE,

GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND.

A hundred years ago, or more, where now the wild flowers grow,
A sturdy band of warriors stood, with front-face to the foe.
The sunshine glistened on their guns, across the level plain,
And sparkled on their gleaming swords, so lately drenched with rain;
For the night had been tempestuous, with bitter sleet and hail,
Where the camp-fires died in darkness, swept by the wintry gale;
But now the sun was glorious, above the Eastern hills,
While thoughts of coming battle every freeman's bosom thrills.

The sons of Carolina, from mountain, shore and glen,
Were gathered in their patriot strength, a band of gallant men,
Virginia too and Delaware and Maryland were there,
Alike to share in bloody graves or victor's crown to wear;
And o'er them flashing proudly, in the orange light of morn,
The banner of the nation, by her hardy sons was borne,
The silent sea of woods around, the over-bending blue,
The sunshine sprinkling golden rain, upon the glittering dew.

The crimson of the maples, the emerald of the pines,
The whisper of the early breeze among the clinging vines,
The crystal of the meadows, where silver streams ran by,
The pearly clouds, soft fading, in the sapphire of the sky,
All made a scene of beauty, while wreaths of golden mist,
Floating upward from the valley, by rising sun-beams kissed,
Hung graceful on the tree-tops, as loth to melt away,
And lose their airy lightness, in the gorgeousness of day.

Yes! Earth was full of beauty, of peacefulness and rest,
And like a babe of innocence, reclining on her breast,
Fond Nature was awakening with joyous thoughts of Spring,
And listening with her tuneful ear to the low, soft murmuring
That birds and brooks were making before the stir of men
Should rudely break the witchery of valley, field and glen,
Ah! terrible awakening from dreams of blest repose,
By sounds of sudden battle, as the serried ranks uprose.

MRS. E. D. HUNDLEY.

POETESS.

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For soon on earth and heaven the fearful thunder broke,
The thunder of artillery, the flash, the blinding smoke,
That slowly lifted up aloft, from every deadly gun,
And from that scene of loveliness blotted the golden sun,
All day the roar of battle surged across that blood-drenched plain,
All day the ruthless riders were tramping o'er the slain,
Greene, Davie and Campbell and Winston, too, were there,
Like heroes of Thermopylæ, they fought against despair.

And when the pall of darkness enwrapped the gloomy night,
When the icy rain descended, and the wind in bitter might,
The weary combat slackened; the foe, with sullen tread,
Tramped here and there in silence, numbering their countless dead,
That gory field was dearly bought, but all the world around,
Echoed the cry of freedom from Guilford's Battle Ground;
And generations yet unborn, shall tell in song and story,
The epic of that bloody fight, which woke a nation's glory.

The silence of a hundred years upon these graves has lain,
Where sleep these ancient heroes, in bloody battle slain,
The Spring time in its beauty, the Summer in its prime,
The dropping leaves of Autumn, each gladsome Christmas chime,
Alike have passed unnoted by the quiet slumberers here.
They lie in glory, let them rest, knowing no hope nor fear.
'Tis ours to rear a marble shaft, 'neath heaven's o'er-arched dome,
And link each name, with deathless fame, a hundred years to come.

Shall they be unremembered,
  Those heroes of old?
Their graves all forgotten,
  Their glory untold?
Shall Time, in his flight,
  Bear their prestige away?
And the deeds they have done,
  Be the thought of the day?

Ah! no, from this spot,
  Let a pillar arise,
And the gray of the stone
  Pierce the blue of the skies.
Let the evergreen spring
  Where their ashes repose,
And plant o'er them, sleeping,
  The lily and rose.

On the columns above them,
  Let ivy entwine,
'Neath the Palm of the South
  And the North-nurtured Pine.
May the angel of dew,
  Rest light on the sod.
Where their bodies are waiting
  The trumpet of God.

The elm and the oak,
  O'er these martyrs of ours,
Soft shadows shall fling,
  Where the eglantine flowers.
Let the gold willow bend,
  In its gracefulness, low,
While violets, like stars,
  In Spring time shall glow.

Let the granite arise,
  Where our soldiers are laid,
A pillar of praise,
  'Neath this emerald shade;
Let each name be emblazoned
  In letters of gold,
Where are gathered and garnered,
  These heroes of old.

Let the winds whisper low,
  To the foot-steps around,
"Tread lightly, 'tis sacred,
  This lone Battle Ground."

Greensboro, N. C. MRS. E. D. HUNDLEY.

ADDRESSED TO THE "BATTLE GROUND OAK," OLD GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

1888.

Staunch relic of the ages gone !
  Child of the centuries!
Thy whisp'rings lave my spirits grave,
  In hushed soliloquies.

Spring after Spring has brought its bloom,
  And Fall has bronzed it o'er;
Yet here You stand serenely grand
  As in the days of yore.

To You Spring brings increase of strength,
  And Fall but needed rest;
And loftier still with sturdy will
  You rear your royal crest.

As Summer's sun or Winter's chill
  The face of Nature sears,
Within You write of Time's slow flight—
  The score of dying years.

Kings, Colonies, Republics, States,
  Have sprung and grown to power,
And in Thy day, beneath Thy sway,
  Have breathed their little hour.

You saw the dawn of liberty,
  When freedom Westward sped!
The ages came! beneath her flame
  The tyrant's might is shed.

You saw within these "Western Wilds"
  An infant nation's birth,
And watched it grow through many a throe—
  The noblest now on earth.

Rude patr'ots sought Thy shelt'ring boughs,
  When Britain's murd'rous might
Their hearth-stones strewed with tears and blood
  And made all nature night.

[Unarmed, unskilled, unclad, unshod,
  Determined to be free,
Your sires, sir, and mine, right here,
  Paid life for liberty.]

Near Thee the wary, weary Greene
  His war-worn blanket spread;
And far around this sacred ground
  Still sleeps his glorious dead.

In silence for one hundred years
  You've guarded well this spot—
Each rood a grave of patriot brave,
  And seen their mem'ries rot.

Cry "shame," Thou Witness of the deeds
  Of these blood-stained ones!
With tongue of flame cry out "shame, shame,"
  On their degen'rate sons.

Cry "shame" till led by noble Schenck,
  This broad land brooks no pause,
And we atone in brass and stone
  Full worthy of the cause.

JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD.

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Hon. J. W. Cooper.

The following interesting letter written by James Banks, Esq., I consider a very important link in North Carolina history. It is the first public printed defense of the North Carolina Militia at Guilford Court House ever published. The argument as far as it is prosecuted is clear and cogent and is based mostly upon uncontested facts. It contains many historical allusions which indicate the author's culture and taste.

This letter, which delicately reproaches Caruthers for accepting as true the aspersions cast upon the North Carolina Militia by Lee and Johnson, when the facts in the published life of Dr. Caldwell contradicted this assumption, seems to have awakened the patriotism and pride of Caruthers and induced him to rectify his mistake. This he did nobly in the Second Series of his "North Carolina Sketches."

Caruthers in turn inspired the author of "North Carolina, 1780–'81," to renew the controversy and to add to the defense such matter as he was enabled to collect and arrange.

May others in succession, with more leisure and means, pursue the patriotic task until the honor of our troops shall be fully vindicated.

November 20th, 1893. D. SCHENCK.

ACC UNT OF THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

From Fayetteville Observer of November 19th, 1855.

GREENSBORO, N. C., November 5th, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:

This morning I visited the battle ground of Guilford Court House.

I was fortunate in securing the company of E. W. Caruthers, D. D., a gentleman who has already illustrated

the patriotic valor of North Carolina's sons, in two publications which are familiar to all your readers, and who is now devoting his time to a history of the battle of Guilford, a battle which Mr. Benton in his "Thirty Years in the Senate of the United States," justly ranks among the decisive battles of the Revolution, and which has been so considered by the historians of that war.

A ride of five miles over the road leading from Greensboro to New Garden Meeting House, and beyond to Salem, brought us to "Martinsville," the former site of Guilford Court House. Not a vestige of the old Court House is to be seen, though its site is still pointed out on the West side of the road. Near it are several stone chimneys which indicate where the village once stood. On the East side of the road, nearly opposite these chimneys, there is still standing the homestead and store of the Lindsays of a former generation, but which hitherto the present owners have refused to sell. Long may these buildings stand—long may they remain in possession of the present owners and their descendants.

From this point you have a commanding view of that portion of the ground on which the battle closed.

But I prefer conducting you to where it commenced.

From Martinsville, on the road toward Salem, you immediately descend a steep hill, at the bottom of which is a deep ravine, down which murmurs a gentle stream shaded by alder and other kinds of undergrowth. On crossing this stream you immediately ascend a long sloping hill. From Martinsville to near the top of this hill the land is cleared for about half a mile on both sides of the road, and the brow of the hill is a little over half a mile from Martinsville. At this point, the brow of the hill, the road enters a dense oak forest, and passes through it for about five hundred yards. In the latter two hundred yards the road gradually begins to descend

another hill, so that when you emerge from its forest you have a fine commanding view of a descending open country for about a mile ahead, and cleared about a mile in width. Standing at the Northwest edge of the forest, you can see in the distance the Salem road down which the British marched to the scene of carnage March 15th, 1781.

It was in the Northwest edge of this forest that the North Carolina raw Militia were planted, with their faces towards Salem. A worm fence in front enclosed the cleared fields through which the British marched to the assault.

About three hundred yards in the rear lay the Virginia Militia; and in their rear, on the brow of the hill, in sight of Martinsville, stood the Maryland and Virginia Continentals, under Huger and Williams.

The position selected by General Greene and the disposition of his men have always been approved by military men, with the exception of the fact that he placed raw recruits—men who had never smelt gunpowder—men who had not been mustered into service two weeks, in the front line to bear the brunt of the first onset of veteran troops.

Greene's Army consisted of Huger's Brigade of Virginia Continentals, 778; Williams' Maryland and Delaware Brigade, 630; Lee's Legion, 82; Continental Regulars, 1,490; North Carolina Militia, 1,060; Virginia Militia, 1,693; Washington's Dragoons, 86; Lee's Dragoons, 75; and 161 Cavalry; in all 4,243 men.

The British forces consisted of the German Regiment; the Seventy-First or Frazer Highlanders; Thirty-Third Regiment; Second Battalion of Guards, and German Yagers and Cavalry; in all about 2,500 men.

It forms no part of my design to attempt a description of the feats of valor performed on this memorable battle

field, where both Cornwallis and Greene gathered fresh laurels; where the fiery Tarleton and the brave Webster found foemen worthy of their steel in the daring Lee and gallant Colonel Washington. But, standing in the edge of the forest, where the raw recruits, the North Carolina Militia, stood on that eventful day, I could not help feeling that Greene gathered his laurels at the expense of the valor and fame of the sons of the Old North State.

To plant untrained soldiers in a position where they could have a full view, for at least a mile, of the advancing army as it approached in "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," whilst they had to remain impassive, immovable lookers on, without the power to do aught to stir the blood and make it course freely through their arteries and hearts, and move them on to valiant deeds, was demanding more from human nature than most Generals would have required.

The Americans knew the reputation and fame of the troops that were slowly and determinedly approaching their lines. They knew, for instance, the fame of the Seventy-First or Frazer Highlanders, a Regiment that had distinguished itself at Louisburg in the French war—a Regiment of which General Wolfe had said, "Amherst's and the Highlanders alone, by the soldierlike and cool manner they were formed in, would undoubtedly have beaten back the whole Canadian Army, if they had ventured to attack them, and who, in company with the Welsh Fusiliers, were the first to scale the heights of Abraham, under the eye of the intrepid Wolfe, made a charge that defeated Montcalm, and gained for the Regiment a world-wide fame."

The same Regiment did signal execution at the battle of Trenton and attracted the notice of General Washington. On one occasion, when Lieutenant-Colonel

Maitland, of the Seventy-First, was in company with General Washington, he jocularly told him, that, to enable him to distinguish and do justice to the valor of this corps, his men would in future wear a red feather in their bonnets, which they continued to do till the conclusion of the war.

At the battle of Camden, the Seventy-First and Welsh Fusiliers made that terrible charge which broke the center of General Gates' Army, resulting in his defeat; and they signalized themselves in the neighborhood of Savannah, and had pursued General Greene across the Catawba, Yadkin and Dan rivers, anxious to bring him to a pitched battle. Such was now about to take place.

In this Regiment alone, which advanced upon the North Carolina Militia, five of the officers lived to attain the rank of Lieutenant-General in the British service; one a General; two Colonels; three Lieutenant-Colonels, and some Majors. This is strong evidence of the mettle against which the Militia had to contend.

And yet this same Regiment, when under the command of Tarleton, at the battle of the Cowpens, after having broke through the center, and, when left unsupported, and pressed on all sides, did what Stewart says no other Highland Regiment ever did, "run from an enemy." Ramsey casts the blame on Tarleton, and Stewart says the officers and men petitioned Cornwallis never to suffer Tarleton to command them again, which he promised, and in the battle of Guilford they were led by General Leslie.

I have been led to this digression because it seems fashionable for all our modern authors, following in the wake of Johnson, in his life of Greene, to speak of the "*cowardly North Carolina Militia*," and assign their conduct as the cause of Greene's defeat. Even my

distinguished friend, Dr. Caruthers, in his life of Caldwell, I am sorry to say, chimes in with this sentiment, when at the same time his book contains evidence that the North Carolina Militia obeyed instructions by firing "twice and retiring."

This view of the case is strengthened by a letter from Captain Dugald Stewart, of the Seventy-First Regiment, dated, Ballachelish, Argyleshire, Scotland, October 25th, 1825, where he says:

"In the advance, we received a very deadly fire from their marksmen *lying on the ground behind a rail fence. One-half of the Highlanders dropped on that spot.* There ought to be a pretty large tumulus where our men (Seventy-First) were buried." See Caruthers' Life of Caldwell, page 227.

And the same author, page 226, says: "It is also known that a great many of the British were buried in that field, and near the place where their *front line was when the first fire was given.* Of this there is no doubt, for it is well attested by people in the neighborhood who were on the ground the next day after the battle, and saw them *burying their dead.*"

Again, Brown, in his "History of the Highland Clans," speaking in reference to the Seventy-First Regiment at Guilford, says: "The Americans, covered by the fence in their front, *reserved their fire till the British were within thirty or forty paces, at which distance they opened a most destructive fire, which annihilated nearly one-third of Colonel Webster's Brigade.*"

The Seventy-First Regiment formed the right of the British Army, and Webster's Brigade, the left.

The North Carolina Militia alone formed the front line of the American Army. They alone met the British Veterans flushed with previous victories; annihilated *one-third* of Webster's Brigade, and *one-half* of the

Seventy-First or Frazer Highlanders; and yet their memories are held up to execration as disgraced cowards by Lossing and Johnson, and, what is more unkind still, by the historians of our own State.

Standing here, where the defenders of the State—I may add, the defenders of the entire Southern States—stood, impartially reviewing their conduct on that eventful day, in the light of the circumstances suggested, the wonder to my mind is, that they did so much, rather than they did not do more.

They had been taken from their fields and firesides within the week. They had no distinguished North Carolinian at their head, whom they could implicitly obey or follow. Neither Graham, Davidson nor Davie were present. Ramsey says the front line gave way—not that it ran away. The very design of the battle shows they were to give way. They were not expected to fight the entire battle. The residue of the troops was intended to have some share in deciding the fate of the day. Ramsey blames the imprudence of a Colonel, for the front line giving way, "who called out to an officer, at some distance, that he would be surrounded," and remarks, "that as one good officer can mend the face of affairs, so the misconduct of a bad one may injure a whole army." And yet the remark of the Colonel was not without cause, for both Webster and Tarleton were exerting themselves to outflank and surround the Americans, and, according to Marshall, in his Life of Washington, they were successful.

Having viewed the ground where the great shock of the contending armies was felt, we turned our faces towards Martinsville. On the way Dr. Caruthers pointed out, in the forests of oaks, *trees* with which are associated the names and deeds of resolute and heroic men. On emerging from the woods, we caught a view of the site

of the old Court House. On the *Northwest side of the road, on the hillside, the British sleep the sleep of death. On the Southeast quietly repose the American dead.* Over their remains stand a few majestic oaks, whose wide-spreading branches and heavy foliage attest alike their vigor and their age. Close by can be seen the trunks of stalwart trees, which returning Spring has ceased to renovate with strength and vigor. But they yet linger on, blighted though they be, and serve to point strangers to where the thickest of the fight took place, where the last stand was made in behalf of North Carolina's altars and fires, by those brave men whose names can never die. On the *opposite side* of the road can be seen the willows emerging above the rank undergrowth *near the little stream* that murmurs down the vale, clear and limpid as if its color never had been darkened by the blood of man.

The loss of the British in the battle of Guilford Court House was 600; American loss, 372.

And though the British kept the field, yet such was the crippled condition of Cornwallis, that he immediately retreated to Cross Creek and Wilmington, at which latter place Major Craig was in command.

The consequences of this battle in behalf of American liberty have always ranked high. Marshall says that previous to the return of Greene from Virginia to North Carolina, as many as seven companies were raised by the British in one day; and already the Royalists began to embody themselves on Haw river in numbers.

The battle of Guilford checked the rising spirit in behalf of the mother country. It was the first decided check Cornwallis had had since he took command of the Southern Army. Charleston and Savannah had succumbed before him. Georgia and South Carolina were invested with the British under Rawdon. Arnold was in full force in Virginia; and it but needed success to crown

the arms of Cornwallis in North Carolina, to make them feel that the British Lion was all-powerful at the South, as he had been at the North on the termination of the campaign of 1780.

The battle of Guilford secured a reaction. Soon Rawdon was defeated at the South, and Clinton at the North; and in six months after the nominal victory of Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, he surrendered his whole army to General Washington at Yorktown, which surrender led to a permanent and lasting peace.

In writing this letter I have not had an opportunity of referring to either of the standard British Historians of the American War. I mean Stedman, Tarleton, or McKenzie's Strictures. But from my recollection of them, I feel assured they do not contradict Stewart or Brown. And when, upon the battle field, I was informed that the Historian Bancroft had very recently surveyed it in company with Governor Swain, I regretted I had not been present; but felt reconciled when I remembered that *Governor Swain was there*, able and willing to point out where half of the Seventy-First fell, and the opposite field where one-third of Webster's Brigade fell, beneath the rifle of the hitherto much traduced North Carolina Militia.

While traversing the ground to obtain a correct idea of the locality where Washington made his awful charge, and where Gunby repelled the daring Webster, where Tarleton endeavored to turn the American lines, the positions occupied by the two commanding Generals and the point at which each General was nearly captured, I thought of the dead, the brave dead, who slept beneath the battle field their valor had immortalized, and then of the lonely grave of the lamented Colonel Webster, who lies in a cluster of pines, on the Bellfont estate, in Bladen County, sympathy overcame the ardor with which I

commenced the search, and I felt a melancholy pleasure in watching the thickening of the gathering gloomy clouds that hung o'er the battle field, and I turned away with feelings that acutely sympathized with the solemn gloom and grandeur of a sunless sky, on a bleak and damp November day.

So ends my trip to Greensboro, but so cannot end the pleasant ideas and impressions, now forever associated and connected with her generous citizens and beautiful town—ideas penned while there, but which, owing to the detention of my baggage in Raleigh, have never in their original form come into your hands.

JAMES BANKS.

SKETCH OF JAMES BANKS.

NORTH CAROLINA SUPREME COURT,
RALEIGH, N. C., November 6th, 1893.

My Dear Judge Schenck:

I have just received yours of the 4th. I remember Jimmie Banks very well. He was a low land Scotchman, as we used to distinguish them from the highlanders, from whom most of us in Cumberland came. He came to Fayetteville when quite young and lived with his uncle, old Mr. Davie Shaw, who had a bakery and candy store, and who made what now seems to me to have been the best candy in the world.

Jimmie Banks studied law and built up quite a large practice in Cumberland and Robeson, and, probably, would have made a good living out of the profession, but I think he endeavored to supplement his fees by going into

the steamboat business in company with others, and in this he was unfortunate, and he moved away to Florida, where, not many years ago, he died. He was a genial companion, a dear lover of Burns. Spoke with the broad Scotch accent you meet with so often in Scott and Burns, and while he was a ruling elder, I think—at least a member of the "Church of the Covenant"—still he was "na sae unco' guid" but that he would enjoy a little conviviality with a friend on occasion.

He was quite literary in his tastes and indeed a pleasant writer. He wrote an interesting sketch of Flora McDonald, contributed freely to the newspapers, especially to the Fayetteville *Observer*, in which was the article to which you refer. If he had done nothing else but write it and so communicate to you, even as second hand, the inspiration which has led you to see justice done to the North Carolina Militia at Guilford, he has done well.

I wish I could tell you more about him. He was gentle and kind, loved good company, a song or a story, and he was an ardent Whig. If you would like to know more of him, I will write my friend, Dr. W. C. McDuffie, of Fayetteville, and I think he would give us a sketch of Mr. Banks. He was a type of man the like of whom we do not see now, down about home, but he has left many fragrant memories, and did leave many friends when he went away. Alas! They have nearly all gone too.

With my kind regards,

Yours most truly,

JAS. C. MCRAE.

CHAPTER IV.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GENERAL SUMNER.

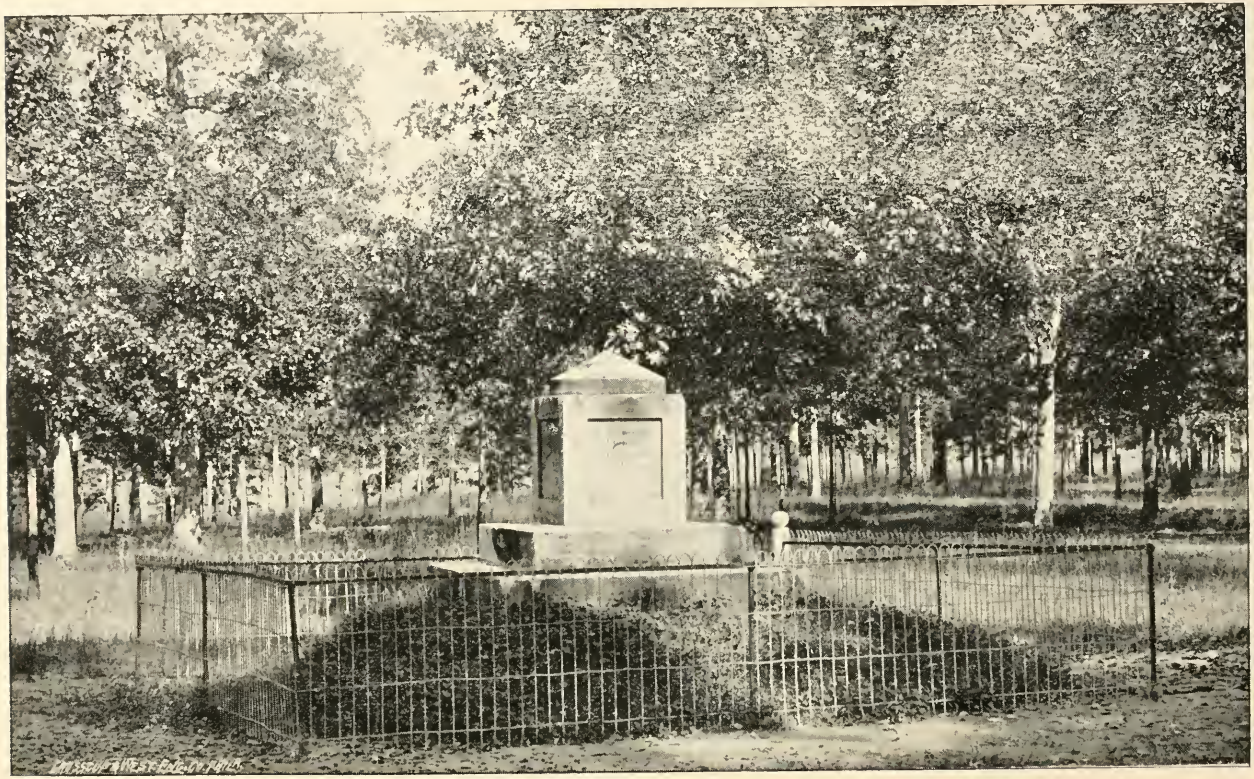
Brigadier-General Jethro Sumner, of the American Continental Army, born in Isle of Wight County, in Virginia, in 1733, was grandson of a planter, William Sumner, who settled one mile from Suffolk, in 1691. His father, Jethro, was a vestryman of the Church of England along with Andrew Meade, father of Richard Kidder Meade, one of Washington's Aides-de-Camp and grandfather of Bishop William Meade.

Jethro Sumner, the younger, was appointed a Lieutenant in a Virginia Regiment in 1758 to serve against the French and Indians. He was with Washington when Fort Du Quesne was captured. He was promoted to a Captaincy during the war.

Captain Sumner, soon after the Peace of Paris, 1763, removed to Bute Court House, about six miles from Warrenton, in North Carolina, where he bought a plantation. From the fact that he owned the tavern at Bute Court House, some writers say that tavern-keeping was his occupation, but this is not true. He was Sheriff of the County in 1772 and afterwards.

The Sumner family were ardent Patriots in the Revolutionary struggle. Luke Sumner, of Chowan, David and James Sumner, of Halifax, and Robert Sumner, of Hertford, all cousins of Captain Jethro Sumner, were prominent as civil or military officers during the struggle.

Captain Sumner was member of the Congress at Hillsboro in 1775. He was appointed by that body



Monument of General Jethro Sumner.

Major of the Minute Men of Halifax, and was ordered to the defense of Norfolk. General Robert Howe was emphatic in his praises of the behavior of the North Carolina troops. In April, 1776, Major Sumner was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Third Regiment of the North Carolina Continental troops.

Colonel Sumner probably participated in the brilliant defense of Charleston, June 28th, 1776, as he and his Regiment were certainly soon afterwards in the abortive expedition of General Charles Lee for the attack of St. Augustine.

In March, 1777, Colonel Sumner marched North to join Washington, fought gallantly at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth.

On January 9th, 1779, he was promoted to be Brigadier-General. He was then sent South, and distinguished himself at Stono Ferry. He escaped being captured at Charleston, in May, 1780, by being detached to North Carolina for the purpose of raising recruits. With his new levies he made such a brilliant charge at Eutaw Springs as to win from General Greene the commendation: "The North Carolina Brigade under Sumner were ordered to support them, and, though not above three months' men, behaved nobly. I was at a loss which most to admire, the gallantry of the officers or the good conduct of the men."

Captain Smyth, of the British Army, in Smyth's Tour, speaks of his "having distinguished himself in the course of the late war, being the General Sumner of the American Army, who has been so active in the Carolinas."

After peace he returned to the management of his large possessions. He was President of the North Carolina Division of the Society of the Cincinnati, presiding over it May 13th, 1784.

He died March 18th, 1785, leaving two sons, Thomas Edward and McKinney Hurst, and a daughter, Jacky Sullivan, named after the most worthy General John Sullivan. Thomas Sumner represented Warren County in the General Assembly in 1800, and removed to Tennessee. Both he and McKinney died without issue. Their sister changed her name to Mary Sumner and married Thomas Blount, afterwards a member of Congress. She survived him, and, having no children, scattered her large estate among sixty legatees, among them Christ (Episcopal) Church, in Raleigh.

Although General Sumner has no lineal descendants there are numbers of his collateral relations in North Carolina. The late Thomas J. Sumner, of Salisbury, was one of them.

General Sumner was buried at Bute Court House, his daughter erecting over his grave a monument like that of her husband in the Congressional Burying Ground at Washington City, on which is the inscription, "Gen. Jethro Sumner, one of the Heroes of '76." Finding that the grave was totally uncared for, the President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, Ex-Judge David Schenck, procured an appropriation of fifty dollars from the General Assembly, and caused the remains, together with the stone, to be removed to its present conspicuous site in the Battle Ground Park.

Sumner was not a military genius, but he was an exceedingly useful officer, strong minded, brave, energetic, careful of the comfort of his soldiers in camp and on the march, spurring them to brave deeds in the battle. He had the confidence of Washington and Greene, La Fayette and Steuben, and other leaders, and justly so, because with honest heart and dauntless pluck he was faithful to every duty.

While the memory of his great services and sacrifices

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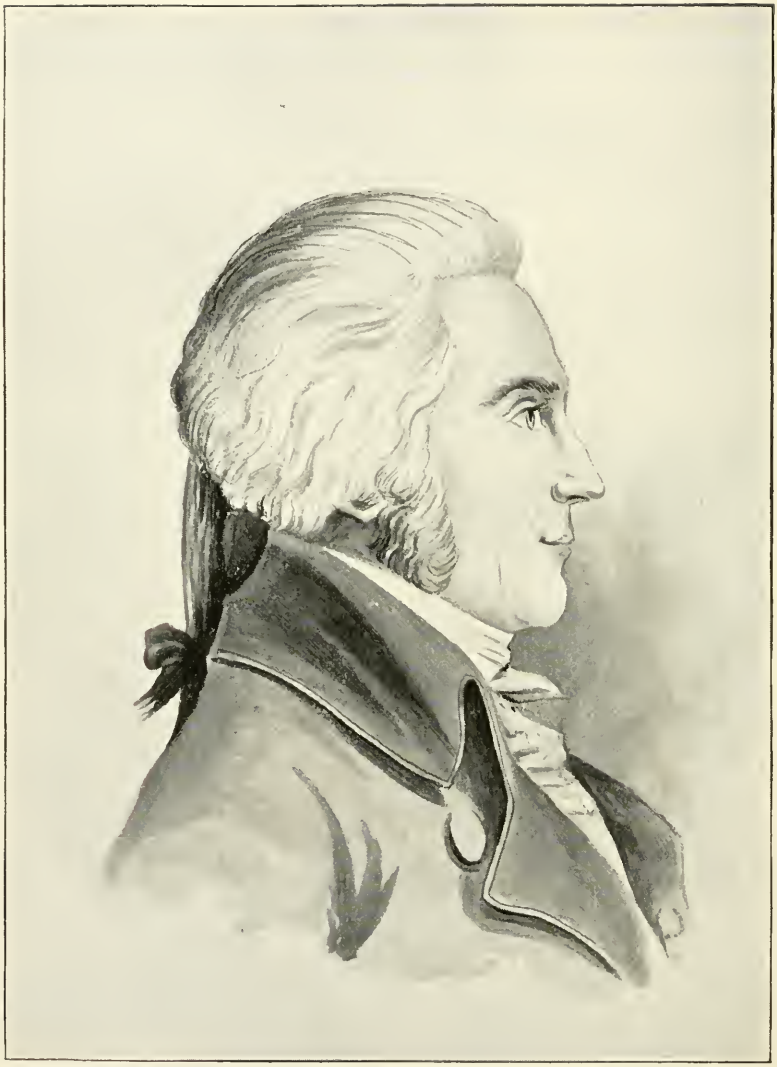

W R Davie

was fresh, the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1787 gave the name of Sumner to a County cut from that which perpetuates the heroism of General William Davidson. These counties are now in that part of North Carolina ceded to Tennessee.

WILLIAM R. DAVIE.

William R. Davie was born at Egremont, near Whitehaven, Cumberland County, in the North of England, on June 20th, 1756. He was brought to this country by his father in 1763, and left in care of his maternal uncle, Rev. William Richardson, a noted Presbyterian minister, residing at the Waxhaws, in South Carolina. He made young Davie his heir, educated him at Queen's Museum, in Charlotte, and at Princeton College, New Jersey, and left him his estate. In 1776 Davie joined a company raised among the Princeton students, and saw service in the memorable campaign in the Jerseys. In 1777 he returned home to study law, but joined a command raised for the defense of Charleston. This was, however, disbanded on reaching Camden.

In 1779 he aided in raising a cavalry command, and was wounded in the battle of Stono, near Charleston, on June 20th. In 1780 he raised another command, expending his entire estate in so doing. He met with signal success in the attack upon Hanging Rock in July, and again in August, in which last expedition Andrew Jackson, then a boy, served as his guide.

After the disaster of Camden, Davie's command for many weeks was the only organized opposition to the enemy's advance. In September he gained a considerable advantage over the enemy at Wahab's plantation, and a few days later achieved one of the most brilliant events of the whole war, the ever-memorable defense of Charlotte

with a handful of men against the advance of the whole British Army.

When General Greene took command of the Army, at his request Colonel Davie, with rare self denial, gave up his brilliant career as a cavalry leader and assumed the duties of Quarter Master General. As such he was with the Army at Guilford Court House and the seige of Ninety-Six.

After the war was over he began the practice of law at Halifax, North Carolina, and soon acquired a leading practice in the State. He married the daughter of General Allen Jones and niece of Willie Jones.

He was one of the delegates of this State to the Convention of 1787, at Philadelphia, which framed the Constitution of the United States. The vote of North Carolina secured equal representation in the Senate, without which the smaller States would have withdrawn from the Convention. The concession of this point by the North Carolina delegation was due to Colonel Davie. But for his exertions the Constitution would at that time have failed. He was subsequently an earnest advocate of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by this State, and was tendered the appointment of United States District Judge by President Washington, but declined it.

By his influence and eloquence in the General Assembly he procured the Charter and appropriation for the State University, and always continued its firm friend.

On the threatened outbreak of war with France, in 1797, he was appointed Brigadier-General by President Adams.

He helped to organize the Grand Lodge of Masons in North Carolina, and for seven years, 1792–1798, he was its Grand Master. In the latter year he was elected Governor. In 1799, while still holding that office, he was appointed with Chief Justice Ellsworth and Mr.

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Col. Julius A. Gray.

Late Vice-President of The G. B. G. Company.

Murray as an Embassy to France. There they negotiated with Talleyrand and Napoleon (then First Consul) a Treaty of Peace. In 1805, his wife having died, he removed to his estate at Tivoli, near Landsford, in South Carolina, just across the Mecklenburg line. In 1813 he was appointed a Major-General in the United States Army by President Madison, but declined it. He died at Tivoli, November 18th, 1820, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

He was one of the best swordsmen in the Army, a magnetic orator, an accurate lawyer. Handsome in presence, brave in action, polished in manner, eloquent in speech, he was a favorite of fortune.

Justly does his epitaph style him, "A great man in an age of great men." As a soldier he held Tarleton and Cornwallis at bay, as a lawyer he found no superior at the bar, and as a diplomat Talleyrand obtained no advantage over him. In personal intercourse he obtained the esteem and friendship of Washington, Jefferson, Napoleon and Andrew Jackson. A life whose circumference touched these points could fill no small space in the public eye. North Carolina enrolls him as one of her noblest and most faithful sons.

WALTER CLARK.

COL. JULIUS A. GRAY, GREENSBORO, N. C.

This estimable gentleman was born in Randolph County on the 6th day of September 1833, and in 1858 was married to Emma V. Morehead, daughter of Hon. John M. Morehead, the distinguished Governor of the State. He died the 14th day of April, 1891.

At his death he was the Vice-President of the Guilford

Battle Ground Company. He was also President of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company, whose track divides the battle field into two almost equal parts.

This Railroad Company from the beginning has transported all material for the Battle Ground Company free, and given to it liberal shares of its passenger profits on Celebration Days, thereby rendering to the enterprise more substantial assistance, by far, than that from any other source.

Colonel Gray was most liberal personally and never faltered in his devotion to the Company's interest. The great esteem in which he was held is expressed in the following resolutions of respect which were adopted by the Company.

There were few dry eyes when they were read.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Guilford Battle Ground Company held in Greensboro, North Carolina, April 24th, 1891, the following resolutions of respect were offered by the President of the Company and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have heard with unfeigned grief of the untimely death of our First Vice-President, COLONEL JULIUS A. GRAY, of Greensboro, North Carolina, on the 14th day of April, 1891, and

WHEREAS, We have suffered an irreparable loss and desire to bear our testimony to the great worth of the deceased as a man and his steadfast and earnest devotion to every public duty;

Resolved, 1st, That this Company had no truer, more devoted or more liberal friend than Vice-President Gray. He was one of the original corporators and projectors of our patriotic enterprise, and from the incipiency of the work to the day of his death he was ever ready to lend a liberal hand and encouraging word to every effort made to promote the interest and success of the Company. Indeed it is not too much to say that without his generous aid we could hardly have hoped to succeed.

LEONIDAS W. SPRINGS, ESQ.

Liberal Benefactor of The G. B. G. Company.

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He was present at all our annual meetings, making wise and practical suggestions and renewing his professions of attachment to the Company.

At our last annual meeting, at the Battle Ground, Colonel Gray was inexpressibly sad, and the hearts of all of us went out in tender sympathy for him as we observed that approaching death had already set his withering seal upon his manly brow and "marked him for his own" The inevitable could not be concealed. He made but one remark characteristic of his modesty and generosity. When it was sugested that a certain person could aid us as Vice-President, he at once proposed to retire himself and let this gentleman have his place. The bare proposition met an emphatic No! from every Director present.

But a few hours before he was compelled by feebleness to take his deathbed, he expressed his deep interest in the work of the Company and advised that certain things be done to promote its success.

Colonel Gray, in the numerous relations which he bore to the public, was pre-eminently successful and his power and influence was felt in every association in which he was thrown. He was a ruling spirit among men, and yet so mildly and gently was that influence wielded that it was almost imperceptible in its exercise and was only *felt* when the result was attained.

It is difficult to foresee how such a public loss can be supplied by another, and the Providence that called him hence is inscrutable to us all. The State, the County, the City, the corporations to which he belonged, may well be grieved and mourn his untimely end.

In social life Colonel Gray was so amiable, so frank and so sincere and earnest that he won the affection of his friends and even envy was disarmed of its shafts when it looked upon him. To the stranger he was generous, just and true, and was ready to extend not only sympathy and courtesy, but to take him by the hand and befriend him in adversity or trouble.

There was scarcely an attribute of noble manhood that did not find its development in his character and stand out in beauty and attractiveness to all who saw or took knowledge of him.

"His life *was gentle;* and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

Resolved, 2nd, That this heartfelt and sincere tribute of affection to our departed friend be spread upon the records of our Company and that a page, with the insignia of mourning around it, be set apart for that purpose.

Resolved, 3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the lamented deceased with the hope that it shall not be considered obtrusive for us to mingle our tears with theirs on this mournful occasion.

DAVID SCHENCK, *President.*

THOMAS B. KEOGH, *Secretary.*

ROBERT M. SLOAN.

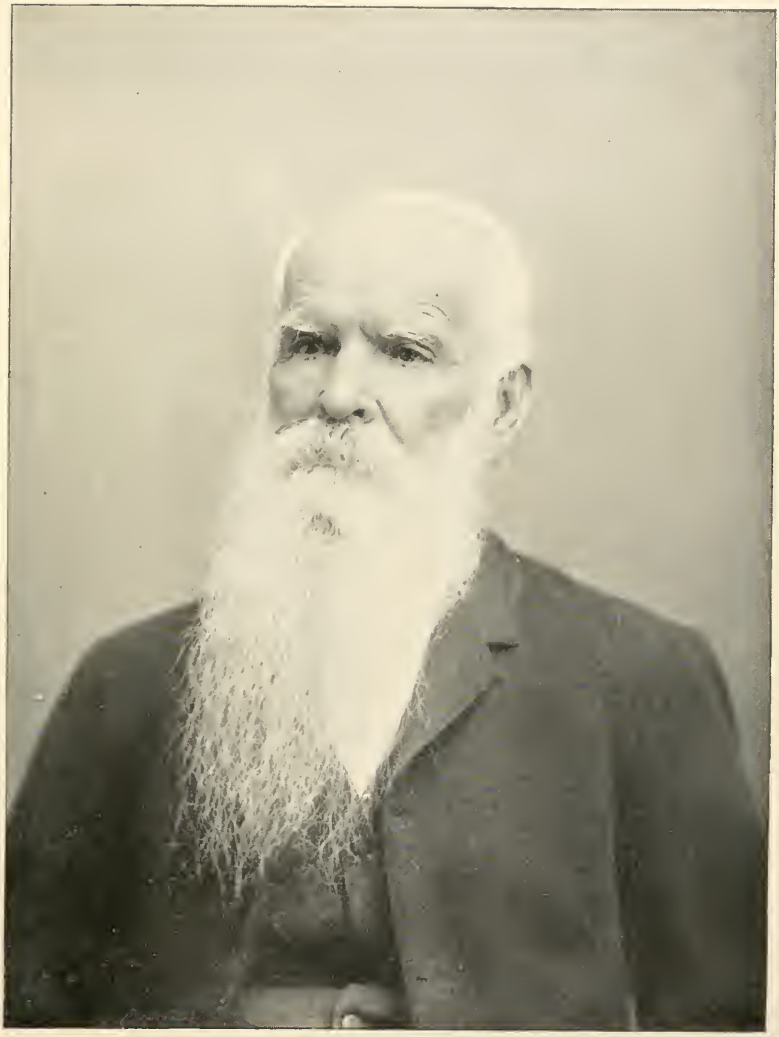
This venerable octogenarian, whose attractive picture adorns this volume, was born in Lexington, Virginia, on the 22d day of March, 1812, and removed to Greensboro on May the 28th, 1827, where he has resided and done business ever since. Married to Sarah I. Paisely, whose ancestors were ardent Whigs in the Revolution, he has reared a respectable family who have inherited their virtues.

Mr. Sloan is a patriot, with all the lofty sentiment which that word implies.

He is a Christian "in whom there is no guile," exemplary in all the walks of life, he is respected, honored, venerated and loved by all who know him.

Cordial, companionable and courteous in social life, he is receiving the just reward of a peaceful and happy old age, with few of its infirmities of body or mind.

Such a character could not fail to become a stockholder in the Guilford Battle Ground Company, to which he has contributed with such generous liberality.



THE VENERABLE ROBERT M. SLOAN.

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His ardent nature kindles to enthusiasm in the patriotic work of his Company, his means, his influence and his example are all given to the good work.

HON. JAMES W. COOPER.

This gentleman resides in Cherokee County, North Carolina, but his patriotism was broad enough to reach the Guilford Battle Ground.

He responded promptly and liberally to the first call for aid to the Guilford Battle Ground Company and became one of its earliest stockholders. His constant liberality and interest in its affairs have given him prominence among its members.

Captain Cooper was a gallant soldier himself and was naturally in sympathy with any movement to do honor to the memory of those who fought to obtain our liberties.

He has represented his county in both branches of the Legislature and the State Convention, and in each has proven himself to be worthy of the high honor conferred on him. He has been a successful lawyer and, what is rare in that profession, has accumulated a handsome fortune.

SAMUEL WITTKOWSKY, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mr. Wittkowsky was born near Posen, Prussia, of respectable parentage, May 29th, 1833. At the early age of eighteen he came to New York to seek his fortune, landing with one gold dollar and "without friend or language."

He is now the affluent President of the "Loan & Savings Bank," Charlotte, N. C.

This bespeaks the man.

His wonderful success as a merchant and financier and his high social standing are due to his stern, unbending integrity, his indomitable will and his patient untiring industry.

He is of Polish extraction and naturally imbued with a love of liberty.

This led him to become one of the first stockholders in the Guilford Battle Ground Company, to which he has contributed time and money.

He is now one of its most prominent and honored Directors and ever ready to work and to give when necessary to promote its interest.

The Company has no more faithful friend and the State no better citizen than Samuel Wittkowsky.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, PH. D.,

Professor of the "History and Philosophy of Education," at the University of North Carolina, is one of the most prominent gentlemen in the literary circles of North Carolina, who has devoted his splendid talents and indomitable energies to the development and progress of education in his native State, and to-day writes and speaks the English language with a beauty unexcelled by any of his cotemporaries. He is an orator born and cultivated. His addresses, historical and literary, are chaste, charming and impressive. He never lacks an audience where he is known and never fails to edify and delight his hearers. His address at the Battle Ground in October, 1892, on the reception of the Maryland

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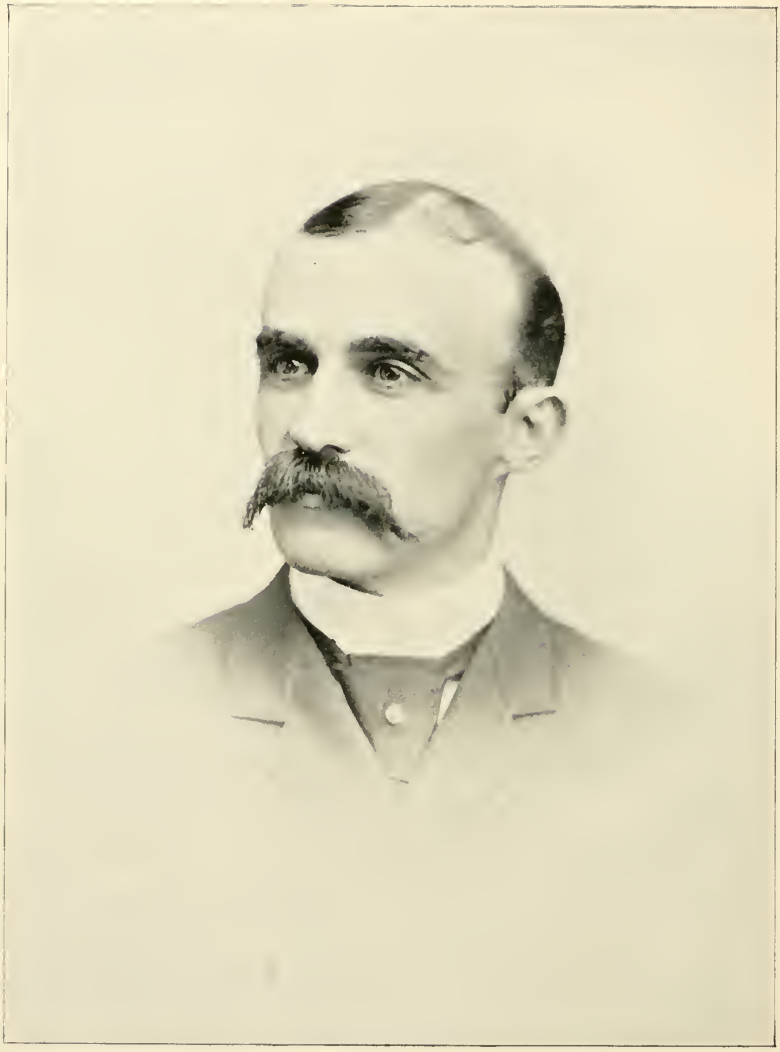

Mr. J. W. Fry.

Vice-President G. B. G. Company.

Monument, was a masterpiece of rhetoric and was delivered with all the magnetic enthusiasm which characterizes this splendid North Carolinian. Wilmington may well be proud that she gave him birth. He was born there May the 15th, 1861; was graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1882; was for a year Professor of History in the State Normal School, at Greensboro, North Carolina, but was soon promoted to a chair at the University.

His intellectual capacity, his ambition, his love for his State and his devotion to her interests, mark him as one of the coming men in this generation.

JOHN WALKER FRY,

General Manager of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company and Vice-President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, is a Virginian by birth, born in Richmond, June the 13th, 1854, son of John J. and Mary C. Lewis Fry. He was educated at Norwood College, giving special attention to mathematics and civil engineering. He began railroad life as a rodman, and such was his genius and fidelity to duty that he rose rapidly in his chosen and favorite profession.

He was for a time in the service of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, then with the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, as Chief Engineer and Superintendent of several roads. In August, 1886, he was elected General Manager of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, which honorable and responsible position he still holds.

Mr. Fry is one of the youngest General Managers in the nation. His distinguishing traits of character are

unswerving integrity, conscientious fidelity to duty, energy and patience.

He never falters in the prosecution of business and never neglects a detail necessary to its successful accomplishment. His urbanity, his courteous dignity and his great kindness of heart endear him to his friends and family.

He was married in February, 1881, to Annie M. Gray, daughter of the late lamented Colonel Julius A. Gray.

Mr. Fry has been the steadfast and liberal friend of the Guilford Battle Ground Company ever since he came to Greensboro, in 1886, and is still enthusiastic in his efforts to build up and beautify the grounds. His substantial friendship soon caused the Company, at the death of Colonel Gray, to make him its First Vice-President.

GENERAL RUFUS BARRINGER,

of Charlotte, North Carolina, was among the very first persons in the State to respond to the call for the organization of the Guilford Battle Ground Company and he has since its organization doubled his stock and given freely to every effort to promote its interest. Our space does not allow us to give as extended a notice of this distinguished citizen as we would be pleased to do.

We feel a pride in numbering him among the stockholders of the Company.

General Barringer was born December 2nd, 1821, in Cabarrus County, and was educated at Sugar Creek Academy and the University of North Carolina. He is a lawyer by profession.

He gained celebrity during the late war of the States as a Brigadier-General of Cavalry. He was not only a

Rufus Barringer

Brig. Genl C. S. A.

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chivalrous and dashing officer but possessed of military genius of a high order. He was entrusted with most important movements requiring skill, alertness and courage, and it is said, for his fame, that he never disappointed his superior officers. He was also noted for his wonderful care of his men and his devotion to their comfort and discipline. All these qualities gave him prominence in that great struggle, and in peace he has received the respect and admiration of the country.

It is, therefore with much pleasure that we reproduce here a copy of a letter from the General to the President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company in regard to the battle of Guilford Court House. The letter is as follows:

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 6, 1891.

MY DEAR JUDGE:

Since my return from the Guilford Battle Ground, I have carefully compared all accessible authorities in the light of my own observations on the field itself, as so well marked off by you, and I reach this conclusion:

No military man can look upon the "plan of battle," as designed by General Greene, and fail to see, as a part of that plan, that the "first line," composed largely of raw North Carolina Militia, *was to simply fire and fall back, under the cover afforded.* This is always a dangerous experiment; but it had great success at Cowpens, under Morgan, only a few weeks before, and was a plausible idea for the ground at Guilford. Not to retire would prove a mockery of all strategic skill, and end in a cruel sacrifice of blood.

I think you are doing a good work for the State, and enclose a check for $25 for an additional share of the Company's stock. The Guilford Battle Field was a true "turning point in the War of the Revolution," and you

have made it an object lesson which all might study for historic research and artistic taste and culture.

I only regret I was not able to visit the spot before, and will try to attend your grand 4th of July celebration.

Truly Yours,

RUFUS BARRINGER.

MRS. ELLEN DOWDAL HUNDLEY,

of Greensboro, North Carolina, author of the beautiful poem published in this volume, is a lady of culture and refinement, and is inspired with true poetical genius.

A number of her poems have found their way to the public through the press and are always read with pleasure and admiration. It is difficult to find a fault with her Battle Ground Poem and no one can read it without catching the patriotic and enthusiastic spirit of the gifted authoress.

She is a Virginian by birth, born in Richmond December 20th, 1830, and was married May the 18th, 1847, to Dr. Richard T. Hundley, of Hanover County. She now resides in Greensboro, North Carolina, with her daughter, the widow of Colonel Charles Shober, who was a gallant Confederate soldier.

CHAPTER V.

Comparison of Militia, &c.--Historical Brevities.

CHARGE OF WEBSTER'S BRIGADE.

We publish below an extract from a letter written by Archibald MacLaine Hooper, in 1845, describing the charge of Webster's Brigade upon the First Maryland Regiment of Continental Troops, Colonel Gunby's Command, at Guilford Court House, March the 15th, 1781. Gunby was wounded early in the action and John Eager Howard, Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently Governor of Maryland, succeeded to the command. General William R. Davie, of North Carolina, the brilliant cavalry fighter, was then on General Greene's Staff as Commissary General, but was always in the thickest of the fight. We found this letter in the *University Magazine*, March, 1855, page 61:

"It was at the *Battle of Guilford*. A Division of the British Regulars were advancing with great impetuosity to attack a Regiment of the American Army, under Colonel Gunby. The Regiment was displayed in lines *three deep*, in conformity with the principles of military science in that day. The treble ranks stood perfectly still—it might be with immovable fortitude—or, it might be, in despairing stupifaction, at the approaching onset, that seemed to menace them with terrible destruction. Not a man could be seen to move—not a leg, not an arm, not a head. The whole was, to the gazing eyes of anxious spectators, an inert mass, standing as if rooted to the ground. Davie was one of these spectators. He saw the hostile division dashing onward, as if to assured

victory. His anxiety was wrought up to the highest pitch. Turning to the officer next to him, he exclaimed: 'Great G—d! Is it possible that Colonel Gunby is going to surrender himself and his whole regiment to the British arms?' At the appalling moment when he uttered this fearful interrogatory, the British Veterans were within *thirty paces* of their seemingly insensible victims. The words had scarely fallen from his lips, when a tall figure—it was Colonel Gunby himself—stepped out in front of the line and, in a stentorian voice, gave the order: 'Make ready! Take aim! FIRE!' The last order was executed with dreadful precision. The foremost veterans were, in Davie's words, mowed down by it; the advancing lines were broken, and before they could recover from the sudden and unexpected check, the same voice was again heard in tones of thunder: 'Fix bayonets! Charge!' The Whig Regiment charged and recharged with prodigious fire and determination, and the onset, which a few minutes before, menaced annihilation to everything in its course, was transformed into a disgraceful rout. An English prisoner, standing near to Davie, cried out: 'Is it possible that the King's troops are handled in this sort by a parcel of raw recruits?' "

D. SCHENCK.

COMPARATIVE RESISTANCE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA MILITIA TO THE VIRGINIA MILITIA.

It has been the custom of some shallow-brained historians and "vain babblers" to compare, unfavorably to North Carolina, the more stubborn resistance of the Virginia Brigade of Militia, under General Stevens, with the early flight of the North Carolinians, under General

Butler, who was in their front and composed the left of the first line.

In order that the utter fallacy of these assumptions of superiority on the part of the Virginia Militia may be dispelled, it is only necessary to revert to undisputed historical facts which every author who has written about this battle has stated:

FIRST. The Brigade of Butler consisted of only five hundred men, while the Brigade of Stevens numbered one thousand men, or double that of the North Carolinians.

SECOND. The North Carolinians received the opening cannonade of twenty minutes which the Virginians escaped entirely.

THIRD. The English troops who charged the North Carolina Militia consisted of the Scotch Highlanders, two hundred and twelve in number, and the Hessians, about three hundred and fifty, or an aggregate of five hundred and sixty-two men. Thus outnumbering the North Carolina Militia sixty-two men. I omit the estimate of Norton's First Battalion of Guards, because they were occupied by Campbell on the left flank. These five hundred and sixty-two (562) magnificent English troops were fresh and uncrippled when they made their onset on the North Carolinians.

FOURTH. Now let us see what was the number and strength of the force which attacked Steven's Virginia Militia.

It was the Scotch Highlanders of two hundred and twelve men, less what they lost in the charge on the North Carolina Militia; for be it remembered that the Hessians were turned against Lee and Campbell and moved to the South as the fight progressed, instead of continuing East towards the Virginians. Let us now

give the most liberal figures to the Virginia Militia and place the Highlanders at two hundred men and we have this result:

Five hundred untutored North Carolina Militia opposed five hundred and sixty-two of the best troops in the world, the flower of the English Army, while the Virginians, one thousand strong, many of them veterans, who had returned when their enlistment under Washington ended, fought only two hundred men.

The North Carolinians were outnumbered by sixty-two men, while the Virginians outnumbered their foes *five to one.*

Is it a matter of surprise that they succeeded, as the Rev. Mr. Houston says, in driving back the enemy three times.

I venture to add another factor to this problem and to state that many of the North Carolina Militia, who retreated to the Virginia line, fought with it. Notably Forbis' men who, Lee says, did not flee, but fell back fighting stubbornly.

On the North of the Salisbury road the showing in favor of the North Carolina Militia was much greater. Lawson's Virginia Brigade of Militia outnumbered Eaton's North Carolina Brigade two to one, one thousand to five hundred. Yet Lawson's flank was turned, as Mr. Houston describes, and they fled with scarcely any resistance, and with the loss of only one man, who was killed by some one in the hasty retreat of those troops.

FIFTH. The Virginians fought a foe badly crippled by the fire of the North Carolinians, and to some extent demoralized.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the statement of Captain Dugald Stuart, who commanded a Company of the Scotch Highlanders, and knew whereof he wrote. In

a letter of his to a relative in Guilford County, North Carolina, dated October the 25th, 1825, he says:

"In the advance we received a *deadly* fire from the first line of the American Army, composed of their marksmen, lying on the ground behind a rail fence. *One-half of the Highlanders dropped on that spot.*"

If Captain Stuart be correct as to the loss of the Highlanders, who made the charge on the North Carolina Militia, there were not more than one hundred and six of them left instead of two hundred men.

These reflections have occurred to me lately on hearing the vain boasting of some of our neighbors as to the comparative heroism of their troops which the truth does not support.

January 1st, 1894. D. SCHENCK.

HISTORICAL BREVITIES.

Cornwallis had three horses shot under him in the Battle of Guilford Court House.

The first was a large iron grey. It was killed near the Ross residence. The Company owns the spot and has marked and enclosed it.

The second was a dragoon's horse, improvised for the occasion. It was shot on the North of the present restaurant, and near the Battle Ground line, about two hundred yards North of the Salisbury road.

The third was "Roundhead," a celebrated stallion which Tarleton had captured from Judge Moore's farm in Chatham. I have heretofore published an interesting account of this horse.

The Delaware troops, of the regular Continental Line, were reduced, by capture and killed and wounded at Gate's defeat, to ninety (90) men, and were under the command of the dashing and chivalrous Captain Kirkwood. In this battle they were part of the "covering party" on the right flank of the first or North Carolina line. They encountered the determined charge of Colonel Webster's Thirty-Third British Regiment and fought them with stubborn resistance and success, falling back in regular line for half a mile and then rejoining the third or Continental Line. The work of this Spartan band is attested by their own and the enemy's dead which strewed the track of their conflict. Three graves of these brave Delawares were found a few years ago on the Northern limit of the battle field. Their buttons, with U. S. A. visible upon them, are still preserved, and a handsome granite boulder marks the spot. The remains, consisting of a few bones, were removed to a central part of the Battle Ground Park, and a lovely pink marble shaft is placed over them.

All honor to the "Blue Hen's Chickens," who fought and died for liberty on this consecrated spot.

Their State owes them a Monument worthy of their heroic deeds.

A SOLID SILVER KNEE BUCKLE,

now in the Guilford Battle Ground Museum, was found in 1856, at a celebration here, near the railroad crossing. It has stamped on it a lion *couchant* and the British Coat of Arms, and also a W engraved on it.

Colonel Webster, of the British Army, fought over this part of the field and received a musket ball in his knee,

from which he subsequently died. This is strong circumstantial evidence of this being Colonel Webster's buckle, either shot off or removed in order to dress the wound.

There is a splendid sword in the Guilford Battle Ground Museum of finest steel and encased in a German silver scabbard. The blade is beautifully chased, having the Coat of Arms of the Blantyre family of Scotland and various symbolical figures engraved upon it. It is undoubtedly the sword of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the Second British Guards, who was killed near the spot where it was exhumed.

In 1866, eighty-five years after the battle, the hilt was found, protruding from a gully. It is the property of D. Schenck, President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company.

After the gallant Captain Forbis, of the North Carolina Line, was shot in the neck and leg, while fighting hand to hand with the British, he was left on the field to perish during the dreary and freezing night which followed the battle.

Next morning a person passing by was accosted by Forbis, who craved water. The person turning to him plunged a bayonet through his leg, accompanying the act with cursing and reproach. Captain Forbis lived long enough to tell the coward's name, Shoemaker, to his friends, and the vile tory was caught soon after by the Whigs and hanged to a limb near his own house.

For fifty years after the battle, so numerous were the leaden balls on the field, that old persons inform me that the hunters came to the place and procured all the lead they needed. Since the organization of the Guilford Battle Ground Company, May the 6th, 1887, more than one hundred balls have been found, and one six-pound cannon ball dug up while setting out an apple tree near the Keeper's Lodge.

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Lake Wilfong.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN WILFONG,

of Lincoln County, a Whig patriot, was wounded in the arm, by a rifle ball, at the battle of King's Mountain. He was making his way home, after the battle, and stopped at the house of Captain George Sigman, a Whig, to rest. Sigman's daughter, Hannah, a blue-eyed blonde, ministered to him and dressed his wound. Wilfong lingered until admiration and gratitude ripened into love and an engagement (not military) was the result, but the young patriot, only eighteen years old, continued in the service of his country and passed unharmed through the bloody struggle at Eutaw Springs, South Carolina, September, 1781, which ended the Revolution in the South, and then returned to claim his bride. Mrs. D. Schenck, a great-granddaughter of Wilfong, related this story in 1893 to Mrs. Leonora Blandine Martin, the accomplished wife of Mr. Harry C. Martin, of Greensboro, North Carolina, and she repeated the romance in the following beautiful poem. Lake Wilfong, in the Park of the Guilford Battle Ground, took its name from Mrs. Schenck's ancestor.

WILFONG'S WOOING.

Over the hills, when the day was done,
Came a soldier young and bold,
King's Mountain's battle was fought and won,
Its heroes were crowned, by the setting sun,
With laurel of heaven's own gold.

Pale was his cheek, and his strong right hand
    Hung helpless at his side,
While the buff and blue of the gallant band,
Who fought for home and native land,
    Was stained with a crimson tide.

Back went his thoughts, with a Patriot's pride,
    To McDowell tried and true,
How Sevier had fought, and Chronicle died,
Of Campbell, and Shelby's mountain ride,
    And to Hambright gave his due.

Sore, weary and worn he passed along,
    With hunger and thirst opprest,
'Though victory was sweet, and a Patriot's song
Of hope, sung the heart of brave Wilfong,
    He was weary and longed for rest.

Then he stayed his feet where a maiden fair
    At a farm house gateway leant,
With the glint of gold in her shining hair,
And a face like a flower—beyond compare—
    In its girlish sweet content.

She prayed him rest, with a gentle charm,
    Brought water from the well,
Though her bright cheek paled with quick alarm,
With her kerchief she bound his bleeding arm,
    While her timid glances fell.

Enrapt with the sound of his voice's spell,
    She heard of the carnage gory;
How had bled Sevier and when Chronicle fell;
While of gallant deeds did Wilfong tell,
    He began another story.

'Twas the old, old story, but always new
    To the two who read its pages,
Of a tender heart, and a heart that's true,
Of a maiden fair, and a lover to woo,
    And it echoes through all the ages.

This little American maiden shy
    Won a victory, too, that day,
With the wondrous might of a woman's eye
She conquered the conqueror. With not a sigh
    He bowed to her gentle sway.

* * * * * * * * *

'Neath the great oak's shade, by the farm yard gate,
    Came the soldier oft with pride,
For his wooing met with a gracious fate,
His sweetheart loved with a love as great,
    And became his promised bride.

But he left his love for his country's cause,
    This hero of other days,
At Eutaw Springs, 'mid the alarm of wars,
He risked his life, nor gave he pause
    'Till freedom's flag was raised.

Then were wed Wilfong and the maiden true,
    And they proved in life the story,
That the brave men are the tenderest too,
For Wilfong knew both how to woo
    And how to whip a tory.

'Tis no romance, but a story true,
    Told on Lake Wilfong's water,
As we rowed along, on its dimpling blue,
Which mirrored fair Guilford in Autumn hue,
    By Wilfong's great-granddaughter.

AN ACT

TO INCORPORATE THE "GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND COMPANY."

The General Assembly of North Carolina do Enact :

SECTION 1. That for the benevolent purpose of preserving and adorning the grounds on and over which the battle of "Guilford Court House" was fought on the 15th day of March, 1781, and the "erection thereon of monuments, tombstones, or other memorials to commemorate the heroic deeds of the American patriots who participated in this battle for liberty and independence," it is, enacted that J. W. Scott, Thomas B. Keogh, Julius A. Gray, Dr. D. W. C. Benbow and David Schenck be and are hereby declared to be a private corporation, until their successors are elected, by the name of the "GUILFORD BATTLE GROUND COMPANY."

SEC. 2. That the capital stock of said company shall not exceed twenty-five thousand dollars, to be divided into shares of twenty-five (25) dollars each. That when ten shares or more of said capital stock are subscribed and ten per cent. thereof paid in, the stockholders may meet and elect not less than five nor more than nine directors of said company, by a majority vote of said stockholders, who shall succeed the persons herein before named as corporators, and this board of directors, so elected, shall elect one of their number President. The stockholders may also elect any other officers of the company they may deem proper and necessary.

SEC. 3. The "Guilford Battle Ground Company" shall have power to contract and sue and be sued by its corporate name; may have a common seal and exercise all the ordinary and general powers of a private corporation

of this kind. It shall have power to acquire by gift, grant, or purchase the title to all the lands on or over which the said battle of "Guilford Court House" was fought, or any part thereof or adjacent lands thereto not exceeding one hundred acres, or rights of way or other easements of land, or water necessary or convenient for the proper enjoyment of said land. It may erect houses thereon for use or ornament; erect monuments, tombstones or other memorials; may adorn the grounds and walks; supply the grounds with water; plant trees, flowers and shrubs thereon, and do any other like things for the improvement and beautifying of the property. It may allow the United States or any State or corporation or individual to erect any monument, tombstone or other memorial, or any ornament or useful improvement thereon, to carry out the purposes of this act on such terms as may be agreed upon by the parties. It may receive gifts or aid from the United States, any State, corporation or individual, or agree with them to make any improvement thereon. Any city, town or other municipal corporation or any other corporation may subscribe to the capital stock of the said company, or make donations to the same; it may make all necessary by-laws, rules and regulations, not inconsistant with the constitution and laws of the State, for the proper care, protection and regulation of the property of the company and the monuments, tombstones, memorials, houses and other property and ornaments and adornments thereon, or for the protection of the trees, flowers, shrubbery, walks, lawns, springs, wells or other like property thereon. That the principal office of the company shall be in Greensboro, North Carolina.

SEC. 4. It shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, if any person or corporation shall wilfully destroy, demolish, deface or misuse any monu-

ment, tombstone or other memorial, or any fence, enclosure, tree, shrub, flower, spring, well, or any ornament or adornment placed upon the grounds, or any tree growing thereon, or shall wilfully deface, destroy or demolish any house, pavilion or like fixtures thereon, or shall wilfully trespass on the grounds after being notified not to do so, or shall wilfully obstruct the ways and walks of the company leading to or over the grounds.

SEC. 5. This act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

Ratified the 7th day of March, A. D., 1887.

LIEUT. GOV. CHARLES M. STEDMAN,
The early friend of the Guilford Battle Ground Co.

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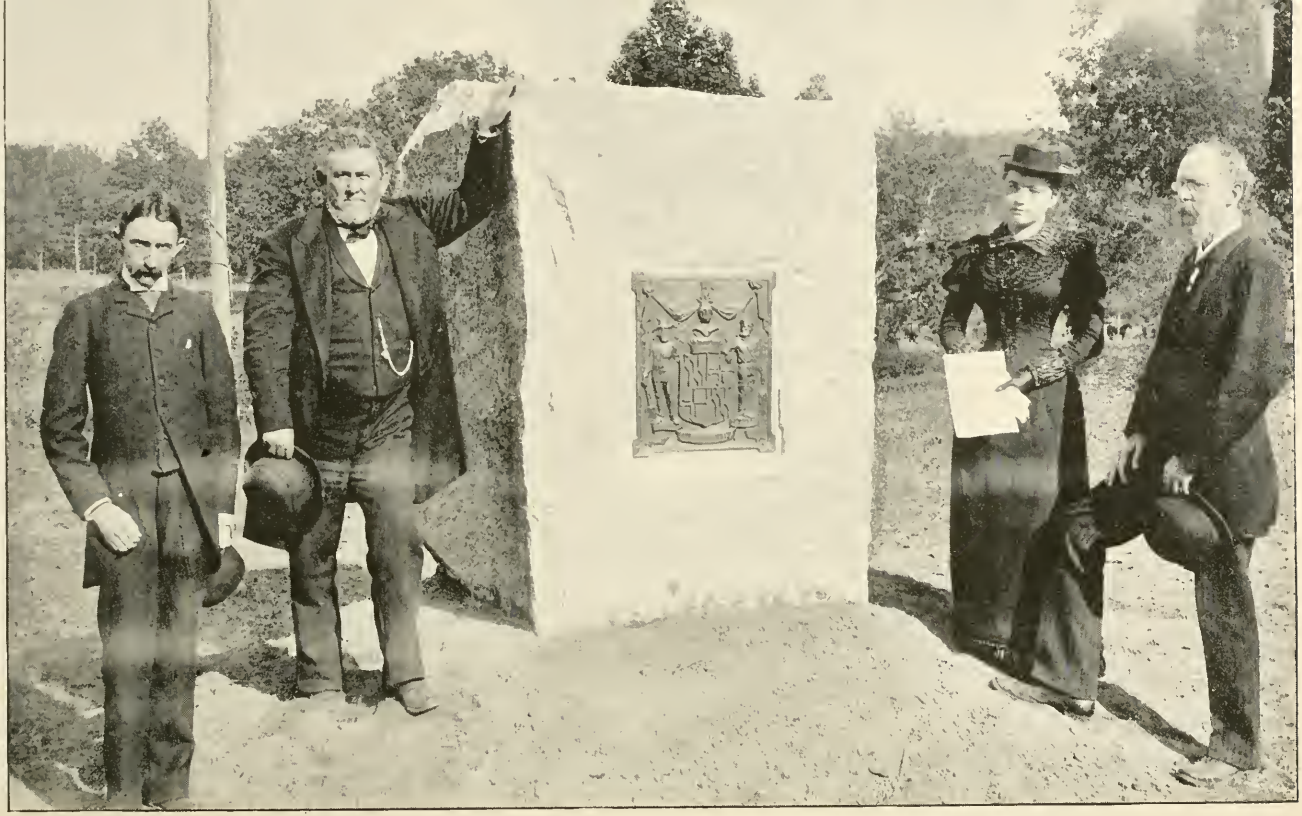


Monument to the Maryland Line on Guilford Battle-Field,
Dedicated 15 October, 1892.

THE MARYLAND BATTLE MONUMENT.

"Fatti Maschi, Parole Femine."

At a meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, in Baltimore, on June 8th, 1891. Professor Edward Graham Daves offered a resolution:

"That this Society inaugurate a movement to erect a Monument on the battle field of Guilford Court House, commemorative of the heroic deeds of the Maryland Line on that historic spot."

The motion was unanimously adopted and Professor Daves, General Bradley T. Johnson and W. Hall Harris were appointed a Committee to mature plans for this purpose. On November 9th the Committee made a report, recommending that the scene of the exploits of the Maryland soldiers on Guilford battle field be marked by a Memorial Stone, with suitable inscriptions, and that the cost be defrayed by voluntary subscription among the members of the Historical Society. The Committee was instructed to carry into effect this recommendation, and it decided that the Monument should consist of a rough cubic block of Maryland granite, adorned with two bronze tablets, the one to contain the Maryland Coat of Arms, and the other an inscription of dedication.

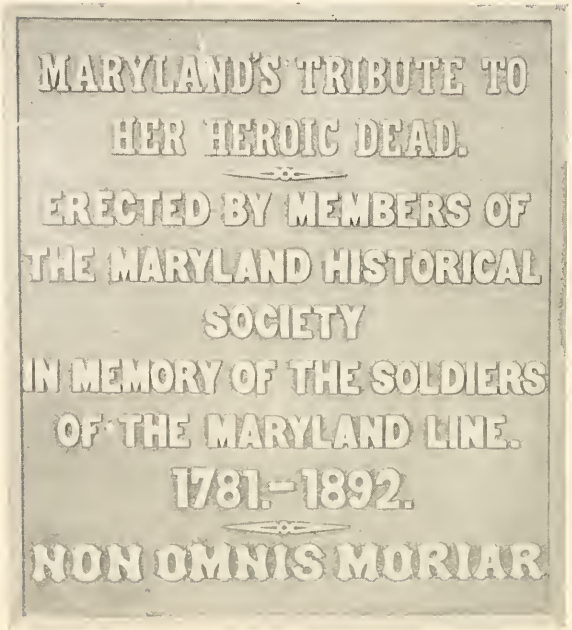
The Guilford Battle Ground Company earnestly favoured the undertaking, and at its meeting on March 15th, 1892, the 111th anniversary of the battle, voted "that the Company extend to the Maryland Historical Society all the aid it can in accomplishing its noble purpose."

During the summer the work was completed, and on October 12th, under the supervision of Hon. D. Schenck, the stone was placed in position, near the junction of the "Bruce road" and the old "New Garden road," fronting the post held by the men of the Maryland Line on the opposite hill, and commanding a view of the field over

which they twice charged victoriously upon the choicest troops of the enemy.

The ceremony of dedication was held on October 15th. The day was beautiful, and the picturesque grounds were brilliant with the varied hues of autumn, as well as with the red and blue of the National flag and the historic black and gold of Maryland. The line of battle was distinctly marked, sign-boards indicating the position of every regiment engaged, while most fittingly there floated a British flag over the spot where Colonel Stuart of the Guards fell, in a hand to hand fight with the Maryland hero, Captain John Smith. Glancing over the field it required but little imagination to people it again with the contending hosts, and to follow every movement in that supreme hour of conflict.

At noon an appreciative audience gathered around the speaker's stand, where Rev. B. F. Dixon, President of the Greensboro Female College, opened the exercises with a patriotic prayer. The chorus sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee" and Judge Schenck introduced the orator of the day, Professor Edward Graham Daves, a native of New Bern and resident of Baltimore, through whose efforts the Monument was erected. The subject of his address was "Maryland and North Carolina in the Campaign of 1780-'81," and the speaker prefaced it by calling attention to the many battles of the Revolution, from Brandywine to Eutaw Springs, in which the troops of these two Colonies fought side by side. He gave a succinct but clear account of the Guilford campaign, and showed the important role played by the men of North Carolina and Maryland in the last act of the great Revolutionary drama. Their conduct under the brilliant leadership of Greene decided the issue of the war, and the British historian Stedman, who was the Commissary General of Cornwallis in this



Bronze Tablets of the Maryland Monument.

THE

campaign, acknowledges that its events "were of so momentous importance as to place within the grasp of the revolted Colonies the independence and sovereignty for which they had been so long contending." This scholarly paper of Professor Daves was afterwards read before the Maryland Historical Society, on November 14th, 1892, and is printed in their Fund Publications.

At the conclusion of this address, "Maryland, My Maryland!" was sung, and then Professor E. A. Alderman, of the North Carolina Industrial College for Girls, delivered the response on behalf of the Guilford Battle Ground Company. He dwelt upon the sentiment of patriotism and the inspiration that comes from the scenes of heroic deeds; he accepted for North Carolina the gift from Maryland with reverent gratitude, and prayed that the massive granite block, with its legend of "Manly Deeds and Womanly Words," may stand forever a fresh and sympathetic bond of amity between the proud Commonwealth that gave it and the proud Commonwealth that received it.

After the singing of "The Old North State," and the presentation of flowers to the speakers by the ladies of Greensboro, the whole company marched to the black-and-gold enwrapped Monument, where Miss Edith Hagan gracefully recited a poem by Mrs. E. D. Hundley on the Battle of Guilford, and on its conclusion the Memorial was unveiled to the accompanying music of "Honour the Brave," and with greetings of enthusiastic applause.

The huge unhewn stone stands out grandly in its rugged simplicity, with which contrasts happily the artistic finish of the handsome bronze tablets. A lofty pole is planted near by, and from it floats on festal days the brilliant heraldic flag which Maryland has inherited from the Lords Baltimore.

MAJOR JOHN DAVES.

Major John Daves, of Newbern, North Carolina, was born in 1748 in what is now Mecklenburg County, Virginia. He was brought when very young to Craven County, North Carolina, in which County, on September 29th, 1750, a grant for six hundred and forty acres of land was issued by Governor Gabriel Johnston to his uncle, Richard Daves. William Daves also purchased land in Craven County as early as March, 1750, and in a deed bearing date 30th April, 1754, he is described as "late of the Colony of Virginia, but now of 'Newbern town.' "

The ancestors of John Daves were English. The first of the name in this country came from London about the middle of the 17th century, and settled in Virginia, in what was afterwards Chesterfield County; whence his descendants moved into the counties to the Southward, and into North Carolina. The following extract from Smith's Obituary, P. 33. is said to refer to this family:

"1652, December 24th. Died, John Daves, broaker; buried in St. Olave's, Old Jewry. His son, Thomas Daves, a bookseller, was afterwards an Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London, enriched by the legacy of Hugh Audley." To this Daves there is reference, under date of November 23rd, 1662, in Bohn's edition of Pepys' Diary.

On 25th October, 1770, John Daves purchased from the Commissioners of the town of Newbern the premises occupied by him during his lifetime as his homestead; an unusual condition of the Commissioners' deed being that within eighteen months from the date of its execution there should be built on the land "a house at least 24x16 feet of stone, brick or frame," a failure to comply with which made void the conveyance. Shortly

John Davies

thereafter he married his first wife, Sally, daughter of John Council Bryan, a planter, of which marriage there was a son, John, who died in early childhood.

In the stirring times previous to the Revolution, and during that war, the men of Newbern were active and prominent. Her Minute Men, under Caswell, bore a conspicuous part in the victorious campaign of Moore's Creek, in the Winter of 1776, and it is said that John Daves then served as a private. But the first record we have of his services during the Revolution, throughout the whole of which he was in the field, is as Quartermaster of the Second North Carolina Regiment of the Continental Line, June 7th, 1776. This Regiment, with the First, participated in the successful defence of Charleston, South Carolina, in June, 1776, and the bearing and efficiency of the North Carolinians were highly commended by General Charles Lee. Soon afterwards all the North Carolina Continental Regiments, or Battalions, as they were then called, were brigaded under command of Brigadier-General James Moore. General Moore died in April, 1777, and the command devolved upon General Francis Nash, who was transferred, with his Brigade, to the army of General Washington. These troops acquitted themselves with credit at the battle of Brandywine, in September, 1777, and were heavily engaged at Germantown, where they lost General Nash, Colonel Edward Buncombe and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Irwin, of the Fifth Regiment, Captain Jacob Turner and many others. John Daves, who had been commissioned Ensign in the Second Regiment, September 30th, 1776, distinguished himself in this battle, and his commission as First Lieutenant bears its date, October 4th, 1777. With his comrades he shared the miseries of the memorable Winter of 1777–'78,

at Valley Forge, the Brigade being then commanded by General Lachlan McIntosh, of Georgia.

In June following, by virtue of a resolution of Congress passed in May, 1778, the nine Regiments of the Brigade were consolidated into four, and many of its officers were retired, or assigned to other commands; Lieutenant Daves was among those retained.

At Monmouth, in June, 1778, the Brigade was next in action, and the winter of 1778–'79 was passed at Morristown, New Jersey. Two Companies of the Second Regiment formed part of the assaulting column of General Anthony Wayne at Stony Point, New York, July 16th, 1779, and were warmly commended by him for their gallant behaviour. Major Hardy Murfree commanded the detachment, and Lieutenant Daves, who was severely wounded in the attack, is said to have been a volunteer in the "Forlorn Hope," led by Lieutenant Gibbon, of Pennsylvania, afterwards of Virginia. Lieutenants Daves and Gibbon, both of whom subsequently attained the title of Major, were ever after intimate friends.

After his recovery, Lieutenant Daves went with his Regiment, in the Spring of 1780, to the relief of Charleston, South Carolina, and was made prisoner of war at the surrender of that city by General Benjamin Lincoln to Sir Henry Clinton, 12th May, 1780. By this calamity North Carolina was deprived, at a time of sorest need, of all her veteran Continental troops, many of whom, including their distinguished General, James Hogun, died while prisoners of war. Having been exchanged, Lieutenant Daves was assigned, January 1st, 1781, to the Third of the four new Regiments levied to supply the places of those lost at Charleston. These Regiments, raised and equipped only after incredible labor, were not organized in time to bear a part in the Guilford campaign, but three of them, constituting the

Brigade of General Jethro Sumner, and officered by veterans of long experience, won for themselves at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, 1781, the highest encomiums for their bravery and steadiness. In his report of the battle, General Greene says of them: "I am at a loss which most to admire, the gallantry of the officers or the good conduct of the men."

After the battle of Eutaw, General Sumner was recalled to North Carolina to punish and overawe certain bands of Tories, one of which, under the notorious David Fanning, had captured, at Hillsboro, on September 13th, 1781, Governor Thomas Burke. Sumner's stay in North Carolina was short, for we find him, with his command, again in South Carolina, in February, 1782, at Ponpon, where, on the 6th of that month, there was a reassignment of the officers of the North Carolina Line, Captain John Daves—for on the day of the battle of Eutaw Springs he had been promoted to that rank—retaining his position in the Third Regiment.

In April, 1782, Captain Daves married at Halifax, North Carolina, Mary Haynes, then in the thirty-first year of her age. She was the widow of Oroondatis Davis, of that place, and daughter of Andrew Haynes. Her mother, Anne Eaton, was a daughter of William Eaton of Bute, (Warren) County, and Mary Rives, of Virginia, his wife.

Upon the reduction of the Continental Army in January, 1783, Captain Daves and most of his fellow officers were retired, and placed on "waiting orders" until November 15th, 1783, when, with the return of peace, he was mustered out of service. By a resolution of Congress, passed in September, 1783, officers of the Continental Line, who had served for a certain length of time, were promoted one grade "by Brevet." The promotion, which was honorary only, was in recognition of long and faithful

service, and it was probably to this resolution that Captain Daves owed his title of Major, by which he was always known after the war.

The State Society of the Cincinnati, composed of officers of the Continental Line, was organized at Hillsboro, in October, 1783, with General Jethro Sumner as President, and Rev. Adam Boyd as Secretary. Major Daves was one of the original members of the Society—sixty-two in all—but unfortunately it was short-lived. Public sentiment in this State, and elsewhere, was adverse to the Society at that time, and nothing is known of its existence since 1790. Its interesting records are probably lost, but it was represented in the meetings of the General Society, held in Philadelphia, in 1784, 1787 and 1790, when it disappears from the record. The names and rank of its original members have, however, been preserved.*

Major Daves was elected Collector of the Port of Beaufort, "with office at Newbern," by the Legislature, which sat at Hillsboro, in April, 1784, and at the same session an Act was passed authorizing the Continental Congress to collect duties on all foreign merchandise entering at the ports of the State. But in 1789 the State ratified the Constitution of the United States, and that prerogative having thereby passed to the General Government, President Washington appointed John Daves, on the 9th of February, 1790, Collector of the Port of Newbern, and on the 6th of March, 1792, advanced him to "Inspector of Surveys and Ports of No. 2 District—Port of Newbern," an office held by him until his resignation in January, 1800.

In May, 1787, Major Daves was elected one of the "Commissioners of the Town of Newbern," a body

*University Magazine, No. 6, May, 1893, and January, 1894.

MONUMENT OF MAJOR JOHN DAVES.

TH
TILDEN

which, at that time and previously, had, in addition to its other powers, authority "To Grant, Convey and Acknowledge in Fee, to any person requesting the same, any lot or lots in the said town, not already taken up and saved." Many conveyances of these Commissioners are registered in the County of Craven.

An Act of Assembly, passed in 1789, appointed John Daves and others vestrymen of Christ Church Parish, Newbern, a parish originally established by law in 1715, and first called Craven Parish. This Act was merely in the nature of a new incorporation, and for Church purposes only, whereas the vestries of Colonial days had been clothed with many of the powers of our County Commissioners.

Major John Daves died in Newbern on the 12th of October, 1804, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was buried in that town, in Cedar Grove Cemetery, with military and Masonic honors, and rested there until June, 1893, when his remains and the handsome monument shown in our engraving were transferred by his grandsons, Edward Graham and Graham Daves, to Guilford Battle Field, where, in the perpetual and tender care of the Battle Ground Association, they now repose. Meet resting place, where sleep old comrades and former friends, for him whom his epitaph so well describes as

"One of the well tried Patriots of our Revolutionary War."

His widow survived Major Daves eighteen years. Their children were Sally Eaton, Mrs. Morgan Jones, whose many descendants are now in Arkansas and Mississippi; Ann Rebecca, Mrs. Josiah Collins, of Edenton, North Carolina; John Pugh Daves, whose children still live in Newbern, and Thomas Haynes Daves, whose numerous posterity live in Alabama and Mississippi.

EDWARD GRAHAM DAVES.

Edward Graham Daves, second son of John Pugh Daves and Elizabeth Batchelor Graham, was born in New Bern, March 31st, 1833. His grandfathers were Major John Daves, a gallant officer of the North Carolina Continental Line in the Revolutionary Army, and Edward Graham, a leading member of the bar of Craven County. Mr. Graham dying just before the birth of his grandson, to the latter was given his name. His father died when he was but five years of age, and all his after training he owed to the wisest and tenderest of mothers.

His education began at the New Bern Academy, under the formal Lancastrian system of Alonzo Attmore, a rigid teacher of the 18th century type. Later he had the benefit of the genial instruction of Rev. F. M. Hubbard, afterwards Professor of Latin at Chapel Hill, and soon showed marked taste for the classics, being at the age of twelve at the head of his class as a student of Vergil and Cicero. His early boyhood was spent at New Bern, amid the refining and cultivating influences of the old town, then still in the after-glow of its brightest days; and the summer holidays were passed at Raleigh with his kindred, the family of Hon. William H. Haywood, or at Beaufort, at that time a seaside village of marked quaintness and simplicity in customs and character.

This first phase in the life of young Daves ended in 1847, when he was invited to the plantation of his cousin, Josiah Collins, on Lake Scuppernong, Washington County, there to prepare for College under private tutors. Mr. Collins was a man of wealth and culture, and his home was a centre of refinement and hospitality. The plantation was a type of the best Southern life of that day; every detail of the management was admirably systematized, and the government was like that of a

Yours faithfully
Edward Graham Davies.

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perfectly organized principality under a mild and beneficent autocratic rule. The only neighbours were the Pettigrew family, and society had to be sought within the house, which in winter was filled with guests. For the children's education there was a resident instructor in English, the classics and mathematics, and another in French, German and music. Love of God, love of kindred, and love of country were diligently inculcated, and the standard of gentlemanlike conduct was that of Sir Philip Sidney—"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

After three fruitful years passed amidst these surroundings, Daves entered Harvard at the age of seventeen. This was his first glimpse of the outer world, and the change was great from the atmosphere of a Carolina plantation to that of a New England town. Harvard was then a mere College with a fixed curriculum; there were about three hundred undergraduate students and as many more in the professional schools, while now the total number in the University is more than three thousand. The Southerners were very few, but their influence in College life was out of proportion to their numbers. The President was Jared Sparks, the pioneer explorer among the archives of American history, and in the Faculty were Peirce, the great mathematician, and Longfellow. Among the students were President Eliot, Bishop Perry, Furness the Shakesperean, the younger Agassiz and Phillips Brooks.

A diligent student and of social tastes, Daves was popular with his associates, and was chosen President of various College Societies and Marshal of his class. In classical studies he was especially proficient, and he had the advantage of admirable instruction from Sophocles, a native Greek, the most thorough of teachers, and a perfect master of all Hellenic lore. Graduating in 1854

with second honours, and with a prize for oratory, he entered the Harvard Law School, where he occupied himself both with legal studies and private teaching. He left Cambridge in 1856 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and after a short time spent in the office of Brown & Brune, in Baltimore, was admitted to the Maryland bar. Just then came the unexpected and flattering announcement of his election to the Greek Professorship at Trinity College, Hartford; the temptation was too strong for resistance, and law books were laid aside for his favorite classics.

For five years he devoted himself to the duties of this position with diligence and success, and in the spring of 1861 he sailed for Europe. Attending lectures for a short while at the University of Bonn, in the autumn he settled in Berlin. It was a most interesting historic epoch in the North German capital. William had just been crowned King of Prussia, and the initial measures of his memorable reign were the appointment of the then little-known Bismarck as Prime Minister, and the perfecting of that admirable army organization which was destined to revolutionize the military system of Europe. The intelligent looker-on in Berlin in that winter of 1861-'62 could see the rising of the curtain on the great political drama of our generation, the denouement of which was the unification of Germany, the conquest of France, the founding of the Germanic Empire, the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy, and the downfall of the thousand-year-old edifice of Papal temporal power.

Daves travelled much in Germany, studying and teaching, and moved to Paris in the spring of 1863, a brilliant moment at the French capital. Louis Napoleon, flushed with his victories in the Crimea and in Italy, was posing as the arbiter of Europe, and the Court of the

Tuileries was the centre of highest political interest. The Empress Eugenie, then at the meridian of her beauty and charm, was the acknowledged Queen of taste and fashion, and around her throne were fluttering the butterflies of every clime. No eye could then see the handwriting on the wall, though the Emperor had already made his first great mistake, and, reckoning confidently on the success of the Confederate cause in America, was wasting the resources of France in the Utopian scheme of founding a monarchy in Mexico.

After a year spent in France Daves made his home in Vevey on the Lake of Geneva, and there established a private school for American boys. Five years were here passed in successful teaching, the routine life being broken by frequent journeys. In 1865 a month was spent at Rome, then still under Papal sway. It was that interesting period so vividly depicted in Crawford's Saracinesca. Pio Nono had returned from exile with his ardour for reform completely chilled, and had thrown himself fully into the arms of the Jesuits. Reaction reigned supreme; every liberal aspiration was suppressed, and Antonelli ruled the State with the skilful craft of a Machiavelli. The city was strongly garrisoned by French troops, on whose bayonets rested the Papal throne. The people, kept under control by stringent police regulations, seemed content and submissive, but many an incident showed that beneath the calm surface were dangerous elements of resistance and rebellion. At the races on the Campagna an English jockey happened to combine in his costume red, white and green, the colours of the new kingdom of Italy, and his appearance was the signal for demonstrations of wild enthusiasm. He won the race; and when the mob saw the proscribed Italian colours borne to the front, it could no longer brook restraint. The barriers were broken

down, the crowd swarmed over the track, and tried to carry off both horse and rider in triumph. A riot ensued, and Rome's prisons that night were filled with the leaders of the insurgent populace.

The World's Fair of 1867 attracted all travellers to Paris. The Second Empire seemed at the pinnacle of glory, though already Maximilian lay dead at Queretaro, and the bloody field of Koeniggraetz had shown Prussia to be the first military power of the world. The sovereigns, statesmen and illustrious men of every country in Europe crowded the French capital, and were entertained with great military pageants intended to prove that France was invincible in arms. Baron Haussman's extravagance had made the city a marvel of beauty; society was never gayer or more brilliant; and the mere "looker-on in Vienna" left the capital of pleasure with the impression that France was alike happy in her social conditions and powerful in her political and military organization.

In 1869 Daves moved with his pupils from Vevey to Florence, and took an apartment on the Piazza Pitti, from which, like Mrs. Browning from the neighbouring Casa Guidi windows, he could in fancy watch the succession of important events in the royal palace across the square, which had become the centre of Italian life and aspiration. Victor Emmanuel, the rough soldier-king, could be daily seen on the streets, greeted everywhere with respect and affection, for he had kept the vow made on the fatal field of Novara, and the cross of Savoy had led the Italians to victory and independence. When the Princess Margherita arrived in Florence as the bride of Prince Umberto, the whole city blossomed out into daisies in honour of her name, and the emblematic flower was seen everywhere, adorning bonnets, embroidered on gowns, or moulded into jewelry. On a

dark snowy morning when she was holding a reception at the Pitti, the people crowded the Piazza and filled the air with vivas. She stepped out upon the balcony and stood for a moment bowing to the populace, her fair form in bridal dress standing out in bold relief from the dark background of the old palace, while the snow was falling upon her bare head and shoulders. A symbol of Italy coming forth in renewed youth and beauty from the storms of revolution, and behind her the gloomy grandeur of her historic past.

On a summer journey in 1870, Daves reached Paris just as the tidings came of the choice of a Hohenzollern to the vacant throne of Spain. The effect was most dramatic; the long-sought pretext for war was found, and all France went wild with excitement. Crowds gathered in the streets singing the Marseillaise and shouting "To Berlin! To Berlin!" and hardly a voice was raised to check the madness of the hour. The ignorance and infatuation of the authorities were criminal; none knew the power of Prussia, or how totally unprepared was France for the struggle. "We accept the responsibility with light heart," said the Prime Minister; the army is so well equipped, reported the Secretary of War, "that we can fight for two years without having to renew a shoe-button."

Passing into Germany, Daves found there also intense feeling, but of a very different character; it was the grim determation of a great people to make any sacrifice rather than submit to further humiliation at the hands of a foe to whom they owed generations of wrong and suffering. All internal dissensions were hushed in love of country, and the patriotic strains of "The Watch on the Rhine" were heard from the Baltic to the Alps. It was inspiring to note the enthusiasm with which the Prussian Crown Prince was greeted as commander of

the South German army, which only four years before had faced him in the bitter civil war. He entered France before the enemy could reach the frontier, and a campaign of a single month shattered to ruin the Empire and its military power at Sedan.

Returning to Italy in the autumn, Daves determined to travel with pupils in the Orient. Nearly three months were spent amidst the wonders of Egypt, and thence the journey was taken through the Suez canal to Syria, where began tent-life and genuine Eastern mode of travel. To transport, shelter and care for the party of eleven persons the dragoman provided eight tents, thirty-three servants and thirty-nine horses and donkeys. In perfect comfort was passed a month of delightful wandering in the Holy Land; Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, the Dead Sea, the Jordan and Sea of Galilee were visited, and the inspiring journey ended on the picturesque heights of Mt. Carmel, whose base is washed by the Mediterranean.

Coasting along the shores of Asia Minor, the travellers reached Constantinople, the meeting point of the tides of Asiatic and European life, and thence returned through the islands of the Aegean to Greece. In comparison with the civilizations of the East ancient Athens seems modern; but standing under the shadow of the Parthenon, or at Colonus listening to the nightingales of Sophocles, one feels that this is the most sacred shrine for the student pilgrim, and that here was done more than in any other land for the intellectual elevation of mankind. A new city is rising amid the picturesque ruins of the old, and with the healthful growth of her University Athens, after long dark centuries of slavery, is again radiating her beams of sweetness and light. It is a rare pleasure to listen to a lecture on Greek art or philosophy in the little modified language of Euripides and Plato.

From the isthmus of Corinth the journey was down the Gulf, the dolphins of Arion playing in its blue waters, and the sacred slopes of Helicon and Parmassus rising from its shores. Out into the Ionian Sea, under the cliff of Sappho to Corfu, thence across to Brindisi, where the entrance gate to the Appian Way seems to welcome the wanderer and to lure him to Rome. But first to Campania Felix, the garden of Italy, which in the freshness of spring-time looks like an earthly paradise to the eye long accustomed to the grey rocks and sands of Egypt and Syria. A glimpse of Naples, of Vesuvius and Pompeii, and then to the Eternal City, now become the capital of Italy. An audience was granted to Daves by Pio Nono, and touched by his refinement and gentleness one could but look with respectful compassion on this voluntary prisoner of the Vatican. The decree of the Council of July, 1870, promulgating the dogma of the Infallibility raised him to a height attained by no mortal; but hardly two months later the Italian troops captured the Holy City, and the ancient kingly dignity and temporal power of the Popes were at an end.

The summer was passed in slowly travelling across Europe, taking en route the Tyrol, the wonderful Passion Play at Oberammergau, the battle fields of Gravelotte and Sedan, Paris, with its ruined palaces—*Hei mihi, quantum mutatus ab illo*—Rotterdam and London. Returning to America, after an absence of ten years, Daves settled in Baltimore, and devoted himself to private teaching and lecturing on literary topics. Recently his interest has centred in Colonial history, and he is an active member of the Cincinnati and of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. Through his efforts and influence the Monument to the heroes of the Maryland Line has been erected on Guilford battle field, and he has organized a company for the purchase and preservation of Fort Raleigh, on Roanoke Island, the birthplace of Anglo-American civilization.

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